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THREE signs show that the traction strike in New York City has collapsed unless some unforeseen circumstance should arise. On Tuesday night there was for the first time an outbreak of violence in this unusually orderly strike. This is an almost certain indication of the men's weakness, for violence is the invariable accompaniment of a strike where the organization is shattered, strike-breakers effective, and the men reduced to guerilla fighting. Another symptom of labor's weakness is supplied by the refusal of the management to arbitrate. The management is strong, it has beaten unionism temporarily, and confident of its power it has small consideration for what Mr. Hughes blandly calls "the reign of reason." Three weeks ago the Railroad Brotherhoods had the whip hand and would not arbitrate; to-day the Interborough has it and will not arbitrate. The third indication that the men are beaten is that no effective sympathetic strike is likely to take place. The longshoremen may go out, but not so much in sympathy as to settle grievances of their own, which exist in plenty. There is a little unrest in the needle trades, but the wiser leadership seems entirely aware that it would be quixotic to break agreements and risk union power in a lost cause.

IN the distribution of blame a few points at least are clear. The green and red-car men broke their agreement, and sacrificed the public sympathy which would have been theirs. For their violation was preceded by a much grosser violation on the part of the management. There is no doubt whatever that Messrs. Shonts and Hedley broke faith with the spirit of the agreement of August sixth when they created a private union, and by means of wage increases, bonuses, and individual contracts tied up their employees for two years to come. These contracts will plague them for a number of reasons: labor can never afford to acquiesce in them for they are hostile to the basis of unionism; and when the propitious moment comes again, labor will surely move to destroy the contracts. Then, too, the individual contracts may constitute a surrender of disciplinary power more subtle than the management realizes. The men have a two years' lien on their jobs and every discharge is likely to cause trouble. Discharged men will have the support of their fellow workers, and there will be no national union to act as a check upon them. Let no one deceive himself, then, into believing that the traction troubles are over because the men are beaten. The whole situation is morbid, and cannot last.

WE are confident that the administration and the Public Service Commission will realize this, and not act on the happy-go-lucky theory that trouble postponed is trouble eradicated. The task immediately ahead is a thorough investigation of the whole question, an analysis of causes, and the formulation of municipal policy for the future. This investigation should be undertaken at once, should be conducted disinterestedly, in order that the city government shall be in a position to master and control the facts in the future. One lesson

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of the strikes since August first is that the city is interested in more than law and order. It is interested in the creation of sound relations on the traction system by which it lives. But without continuous knowledge of the facts the city cannot act effectively when a crisis comes. Mayor Mitchel, who has so often proved his appreciation of the importance of a technical control of complicated facts, has an extraordinary opportunity now. He can prepare for the trouble which is sure to recur by research into the causes which underlie it.

PRIMARY elections in New York State turned out about as was to be expected. For the most part the results were a foregone conclusion. The machine has won all along the line. Although it was a Hobson's choice between McCombs and Conway for the Democratic senatorial nomination, a very slight satisfaction may be expressed at the nomination of the former. Not very much importance is to be attached to the preference expressed by the Progressives for Whitman as candidate for Governor rather than for Seabury. Seabury had, of course, a much better claim on the support of Progressives, but what there is left of that party has made up its mind to die, and it was right in believing that the nomination of Whitman would hasten and justify its extinction. The surprise was the closeness of the contest between Bacon and Calder as Republican candidates for the Senate. The talent had all picked the machine candidate, and experienced politicians within the party had discouraged as hopeless any attempt to defeat him. Yet he was almost defeated after a quickly improvised campaign by a man who, although prominent in public life, was not personally known to the voters and had never been elected to any office. It is a pity. Mr. Bacon would have added interest to the canvass of the next few weeks. He had the advantage during a campaign in which the Republicans are trying to dodge issues, of standing for a definite program, particularly in relation to foreign policy. The Republicans have been accepting the support of the pro-Germans with so much complacency that it would have been a relief to find them nominating for an important office a courageous friend of the Allies.

WHEN the German attack on Verdun failed to bring any advantage to the assailants commensurate with its terrible cost, the less obvious lesson of the failure was far from encouraging to the friends of France and Great Britain. If the Germans were to be driven out of France and Belgium, the Allied armies must be capable of blasting their way through on some sector of the line and by threatening communications force German retirement over much larger stretches of territory. But Verdun, following upon heart-breaking losses incurred by French and English attacks at Arras, Loos and in Champagne, seemed to prove the practical impossibility of driving a wedge in the German line deep enough to necessitate a general retirement. Considering the superiority in military technique exhibited by the Germans since the beginning of the war, it seemed a fair inference that the results which they could not accomplish in front of Verdun, the French and British could not accomplish in Champagne or Picardy. Yet after two months and a half of fighting on the Somme this inference no longer looks impregnable. The successes of the Allied armies during the past two weeks have awakened a not unreasonable hope of the attainment before November 1st of unexpectedly substantial results. They are able after ten weeks of steady fighting and with full knowledge by the Germans of what their immediate objectives must be to conquer territory and positions which, according to the awful system of military bookkeeping, seem to be worth more than they cost. Their present superiority to the Germans at the point of most violent contact is incontestable and emphatic.

THE superiority established by the French and British armies in the battles of the Somme depends, of course, on their ability to concentrate on the selected point a heavier weight of artillery furnished with practically inexhaustible supplies of ammunition and rendered particularly effective by a larger number of aerial scouts. The work of establishing this superiority has been stupendous. It has involved an amount of reorganization, a collection and concentration of industrial and mechanical resources, and a willingness to pay the cost, whatever that cost may be, which is comparable to the greatest achievements in human history. For the first time since the war began, the French and the British seemed to have learned all the Germans had to teach and to have bettered the instruction; and it is this fact which makes it look as if something decisive would happen during the fall. There is always a chance of course that the Germans will suddenly deal some novel and dangerous counterstroke. It would be extraordinary should they succumb without a further attempt to search out a weak point in the Allied lines and break through. But the chances are all against the success of any such attempt. They give every evidence of strain and of being worried and of being forced to husband their resources. Nor have the Allies reached the highest point of their possible concentration of military force and material. In a few months the supplies of artillery

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and munitions will have increased still further, and unless the Germans can maintain the pace the Allies will enjoy a still further advantage. The next few months will prove how much this superiority is capable of accomplishing.

ONE aspect of the recent primary election for county offices, held in Chicago on September 13th, deserves more attention than it has received. Their results clearly indicate deliberate and successful political activity on the part of the German-Americans. The City-Hall Republicans, headed by Mayor Thompson, nominated a strong pro-German ticket. The Progressive-Republicans, headed by former Governor Deneen, formed the opposition. The Thompson slate won all places on the county ticket except four offices, and every one of the four Deneen men who smashed the Thompson slate was of German descent. This result is too sweeping to be accidental. It points toward the deliberate organization of German-Americans as a political unit to control the Republican party. To make the delivery of this "hyphenate" vote clear, the following tabulation has been made showing all the candidates for Cook County offices of the two leading Republican factions, with quotations from their campaign literature or other official information to establish their national affiliations. The winners are marked by asterisks.

Thompson Slate	Deneen Slate
State's Attorney	
*Harry B. Miller "His parents are of German descent."	John E. Northrup "Born in Iowa."
Recorder	
Leland S. Rapp "Born in Illinois."	*Joseph F. Haas "Wicker Park Mannerchor"; "Verein Deutsche Presse."
Clerk Circuit Court	
*August W. Miller "Is of German parentage."	William F. Lipps "Born in Ohio."
Clerk Superior Court	
*John Kjellander "Born in Sweden."	John Siman "Native of Chicago." Bohemian ancestry.
Coroner	
*Peter M. Hoffman German descent.	Walter G. Davis "Old American Stock."
Board of Assessors—long term	
*George K. Schmidt "Student at Worms, Germany."	Felix A. Norden "Born in Baltimore."
Board of Assessors—short term	
Robert R. Levy "Born in Louisiana."	*Charles Ringer "German descent."
Board of Review	
Charles A. Williams "Born in Illinois."	*Edward R. Litzinger "First attended German school; member German Club of Chicago."
County Surveyor	
*Harry Emerson "Born in Wisconsin."	B. Harry Suhr "Native of Chicago."
President—Sanitary Board	
James H. Lawley "Born in Chicago."	*Charles H. Sergel "German father—a 48-er."
Trustees—Sanitary Board	
*James H. Lawley David R. Jones "Born in Minnesota." *Matthias A. Mueller "Born in Germany."	*Charles H. Sergel Edward I. Williams "Norwegian parentage." Thomas W. Gilmore "Born in Ohio."

THE tabulation shows that in the contest for the county nominations a man of German descent won in every possible instance. The Republican county ticket is German-American except in the cases of three nominees, one of whom was a Swede. The success of the German-American candidates is the more significant in the light of the sedulous solicitation of German-American votes by the Thompson Republican faction. During his brief flash as a possible Republican candidate for the Presidency, Mayor Thompson declared emphatically against the shipment of munitions of war. When Mr. Hughes came to Chicago, the Thompson organization appointed Horace L. Brand, editor of the *Staats-Zeitung,* one of the most thorough-going "hyphenates" in the country, as Chairman of the Press Committee. The favorite "hangout" for the Thompson City Hall faction is the Bismarck Restaurant. In the latter part of August, German-American offices were established in the National Life Insurance Building, Chicago, in charge of Herman Gerhard, an employee of the Illinois *Staats-Zeitung.* These offices were supposed to be established largely to aid the Hughes candidacy, but a Thompson man was quoted in a newspaper of August 24th as stating: "Mr. Gerhard is helping us in the county campaign," and County Chairman Galpin of the Thompson forces was also quoted as saying: "Mr. Gerhard is aiding us in the county fight and has separate quarters for his national organization." In view of the results of the primary of September 13th, the German-American vote has evidently been well organized to capture control of the Republican party in Cook County and in Chicago. The Republican German-American county ticket will be opposed by a Democratic ticket which is largely Irish-American.

MR. HAVELOCK ELLIS, in his latest essay on the mind of woman, in the September *Atlantic,* aids in the good work of cracking the crust of customary thinking on that theme. Sexual differences in intelligence and ability cannot be precisely determined, says he, even when men and women work together in the same occupations, because, although all the work seems uniform to the public, it is never exactly the same or done under the same conditions. There is always a sexual division of labor. The opinions of employers, however, tend to balance each other, and he concludes that in the concerns of life carried on within the ordinary range of intelligence, the aptitudes of the two sexes are, taken all round, about equal. In school, girls stand better than boys in most tests of general intelligence. They are stronger in memory and in "impartial industry," weaker in

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reasoning and analysis. It would follow from his investigations, which seem to have been thorough and which have certainly covered a wide range and a long period of time, that any discussion of the real comparative value of the two kinds of ability is moonshine. He also believes that neither he nor any other human being knows at this moment whether the greater emotionality of woman is the result of education and racial experience or their cause. Dr. Heymans guesses that sexual differences influenced culture rather than that culture created sexual differences. Other equally worthy persons guess the other way. Mr. Havelock Ellis, a model in this respect both to feminists and to hominists, especially on political platforms, does not guess at all. May be—we hardly dare hope it—but may be this is a sign that some time, before many years are over, the appeal to "science" will be abandoned. May be in the good time coming, the most impulsive biologist will no more dream of deciding whether society gets along further on father-wit than on mother-wit, than of deciding for which of his two legs the sphere is the home.

Unionism vs. Anti-Unionism

THE majority of contemporary controversies between wage-earners and their employers involve directly or indirectly one issue of overwhelming importance. They involve the issue of labor organization itself, of the extent to which it deserves to be encouraged or discouraged and of its function in the industrial system of a democratic nation. No other questions connected with the industrial situation provoke such harsh and stubborn differences of opinion. Many well meaning people who may favor some legislative program of "social justice" are opposed to or suspicious of unionism—that is, to the attempt of the wage-earners to secure justice for themselves. The lack of any effective consensus of opinion about the merits and dangers of unionism has passed comparatively unnoticed hitherto, because it has not brought with it any immediately inconvenient consequences. The "public" had assumed an attitude of neutrality, based on ignorance and irresponsibility, and knew no sufficient reason for reaching a decision on such a perplexing controversy. But recently the resulting immunity from serious inconvenience has ceased. Strikes are becoming the order of the day. They interfere with service or supplies necessary to the public comfort; they compromise vital public interests; they are calling for increasing intervention by the government. Yet if the government is to intervene intelligently and effectively, it must act upon some consistent policy with respect to the merits and the function of labor organization, which has the support of public opinion. What is that policy to be?

It is a formidable question, which demands a many-sided and carefully balanced answer, but one phase of this answer can, in our opinion, be made short, sharp and decisive. It should be the policy of the American nation to discriminate in favor of unionism, to recognize its merits, to define its functions, and to make it an essential part of the national industrial system. A policy of this kind does not demand the unionizing of non-union labor as the result of coercion or intimidation; but it does imply popular and official discouragement of any attempt by employers to outlaw unionism. As long as the unions are required, as is so frequently the case at present, to fight not for an improvement in the economic conditions of their members, but for their very lives, no progressive social adjustment of the conflict between the wage-earners and their employers is possible. The conflict is degraded to a level in which fear and suspicion are the dominant emotions and some kind of violence the inevitable, if reprehensible, weapon.

A very rudimentary analysis of the sources of unionism will indicate the danger to the national integrity of allowing the issue of unionism itself to be raised. Wage-earners form unions because their individual ability to bargain with their employers is feeble and cannot be strengthened except by their acting together. If the individual wage-earner is dissatisfied with the conditions under which he is working he is incapable of making an effective protest; but if all the wage-earners in a shop or a trade are capable of acting together they can often compel their employers to grant them better terms. Unionism is consequently an indispensable condition of the economic independence of the wage-earners as a class. It is as important to them as the vote is to the citizen or as some protection against the abuse of political authority is to the property-owner. By no other method can they safeguard themselves from being victimized by economic forces which may, indeed, occasionally operate beneficially to them, but which always operate irrespective of their inclinations and wills. The law has declared that labor is not a commodity, but despite the law it must remain a commodity unless wage-earners possess the power to participate effectively in the negotiations whereby their work is bought and sold. The thrifty wage-earner, acting as an individual, can, of course, change his employment and sometimes better his condition, but acting as an individual his only choice lies between opportunities of employment over whose terms he himself can exercise no control. When

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employers refuse to negotiate with the unions, they are denying to their employees the very substance of citizenship in an economic community. They are trying to condemn their wage-earning fellow-countrymen who as a class cannot be paid salaries or become property-owners, to the humiliation of having little or nothing to say about the major business of a wage-earner's life.

Hence the bitterness and intensity of the industrial conflicts which involve the question of union recognition. It is one of those ultimate issues which both sides refuse to arbitrate. The unionists compare arbitration about the recognition of their unions to the arbitration by a nation whether it is entitled to exist. The employers are equally reluctant either to recognize the unions until they are forced to do so, or to arbitrate the question of recognition, because they do not want to abandon any share of their economic power to independent and, from their point of view, irresponsible organizations. As soon, consequently, as this issue is raised, something like civil war sets in, and both parties have a tendency to fall back upon violent methods. The employers spend large sums in collecting social derelicts from all over the country with whom to keep their business going and to break the power of the unions. These unfortunates are assaulted by the unionists and in the absence of an efficient police force have to be protected by gunmen. The laws, the institutions and the authority of the state are perverted by both sides, each in its own interest. The social atmosphere is poisoned by recriminations, fear, and hatred, and the beaten party retires sullenly to obscurity, fully determined to renew the conflict at the first favorable opportunity.

The fight for and against union recognition is embittered and irreconcilable, because it necessarily degenerates into an unscrupulous and desperate struggle to win or to keep power. The unionists are fighting for the possession of sufficient economic strength to enable them to become self-respecting citizens in an industrial democracy. The employers know that when the unions get the power it is frequently used in ways inimical to industrial efficiency, and they make this knowledge the excuse for refusing, wherever possible, to part with any share of their autocratic control. Officially the American nation has tried to evade the issue by admitting a " right " on the part of wage-earners to organize and an equally valid " right " on the part of employers to refuse to recognize organization. But when rights conflict and are asserted by large classes possessed of a considerable ability to enforce them, the national unity is compromised. Neither can it be restored by pious exhortations in favor of mutual good feeling and peace. The war between unionism and anti-unionism is one about which neutrality is ceasing to be honorable or decent. If the American nation continues to be neutral, it will merely become the victim of both of the belligerents. Mr. Quackenbush, the chief of the legal department of the New York Interborough Company, has given emphatic expression to this opinion. During a recent public hearing, as quoted by the New York *Tribune,* he declared that the country could no more exist half-union and half-non-union than it could exist half-slave and half-free. We agree with him. The political party which first stands upon this truth, as the Republican party first stood upon the truth about slavery, will during the next generation enjoy, like the Republican party, a stormy but triumphant and fruitful career.

If it has come, as Mr. Quackenbush declares, to an exclusive choice between unionism and non-unionism, can any intelligent democrat doubt on which side the preference must fall? Should the American nation consent to the destruction of unionism, it would officially abet a policy of degrading the labor of its own citizens to the status of a commodity. Such an action would be just as suicidal as would have been the elevation of Negro slavery, as the South wished, from a legal right into an aggressive national policy. The United States would present the extraordinary spectacle of the denial by the largest political democracy in the world of the essentials of industrial self-government to the class of wage-earners. The idea is preposterous, but is it any more preposterous than the present neutrality between unionism and anti-unionism, than the sinister connivance at the frequent attempts made by large employers to eradicate unionism among their own employees? In so far as these attempts exist and succeed they create the same condition within a limited area as the adoption of a policy of discouraging unionism by the national government would over the whole country. They introduce irreconcilable antagonisms into the industrial system which are intermittently effervescing into violence and must inevitably continue to do so. Precisely because the warfare between unionism and anti-unionism in our industrial system compromises the public safety, and because anti-unionism is an impossible national policy, the nation must come to the deliberate and official discouragement of anti-unionism and the promotion of unionism.

Those employers who fear that the adoption of such a course would surrender them, tied hand and foot, to a grasping labor oligarchy should ponder one salutary consideration. Up to date the unions have been struggling for the opportunity to survive and grow, and their policy has been deter-

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mined by their position as semi-outlaws. They had to seek power in order to protect themselves from being exterminated; and when they seized it, with the threat hanging over them of being deprived of it, they could hardly be expected to exercise it considerately. But after they obtain the security of recognition their attitude will change. A frank and loyal attempt to incorporate unions into the national industrial system will in itself tend to socialize the policy of the unions and make them more responsible. Unionism will then become one of the most powerfully and helpfully educative influences in the community. It will train a class of citizens whose political activities must remain for the present circumscribed in the purposive use of economic power. Industrial controversies will persist, but they will turn, not on the possession or the denial of power, but on the conflicting or varying purposes on behalf of which the two belligerents each propose to use their share of it. And the nation will not be indifferent to the outcome. The state will intervene partly to prevent the power of either party from being abused, but chiefly to discover and devise methods of adjustment between their conflicting purposes. Permanent boards of investigation will be needed, which will scrutinize specific labor problems and processes and after a survey of all the available facts suggest tentative methods of overcoming immediate difficulties. Industrial controversies will thus become capable of something resembling a rational treatment. The labor costs and rewards which prevail in important industries will be audited by industrial experts just as the cost of managing a particular plant and of manufacturing and selling its products is now audited by expert accountants. The scientific management which is converting business into a profession would have its counterpart in a scientific analysis of labor problems and the gradual acquisition of a scientific method of dealing with them. In no other way can they be taken out of the dubious region of class conflict.

The Republican Reunion

WHETHER or not Maine can be considered indicative of the way the whole country will vote in November, one fact stands out clearly: the Progressives of Maine have returned to Republican ranks. The total vote cast was so much larger than the vote in either 1912 or 1914 that it is difficult to estimate how many Progressives voted the Democratic ticket, but apparently they were not more than ten per cent of the number who voted for Mr. Roosevelt in 1912. On this showing the Republican leaders and press have claimed not only the assured election of Mr. Hughes, but the complete reunion of the two parties for which they have been working since the close of the two conventions. "I come to you as the spokesman of a reunited Republican party," Mr. Hughes told a Plattsburg audience. "We have said it was reunited; we have believed it was reunited; we have devoutly hoped it was reunited. Now Maine proves it was reunited. Whoever was skeptical before must hide his cynicism now."

What sharers of this opinion do not perceive is that there is a wide distinction between what happened in Maine and what constitutes a reunion. Clearly the Maine Progressives voted for the party from which they had cut loose. But the ten per cent of them who may have voted for a Democratic governor might be added to the Republican majority without proving that the breach in the party's ranks had been closed. For that matter, the four million Progressive votes of 1912 might go to Mr. Hughes, and still leave reasons for doubting whether the two divisions were again in concord. Voting for a Republican governor this year, or even for a Republican President, may not be reaffirming faith in the Republican party. It may simply be casting a ballot against Mr. Wilson.

THE NEW REPUBLIC has believed that a Republican campaign, based on anti-Wilsonism, was an unsound campaign politically. It has been of the opinion that such an issue would fail to attract united Progressive support to Mr. Hughes. The Middle West may yet prove that this is the case, and that many Progressive voters will turn to Mr. Wilson as the logical substitute for their own nonexistent party. But whether or not anti-Wilsonism succeeds as a campaign issue, it is surely an unreal basis upon which to work for the reunion of Republicans and Progressives.

While the Progressive party had its origin in the insurgency of one man, its influence did not cease to exist when its leader regained complacency. Conceived in personal loyalty it was nevertheless a rebellion, and as such it attracted thinking radicals as well as hero-worshippers. These latter faded with the days, but the radicals had come to stay. For the moment they might consolidate with the old reactionaries in opposition to a common enemy they deemed still more dangerous; but their interest in politics extended beyond a controversy over the presidential chair. They protested against invisible, irresponsible government. They demanded a cessation of the cowardice and corruption of party organization. They brought ideals and programs of reform that the older party termed "socialistic and paternalistic"—aspirations that could be temporarily shelved, but never

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wholly disowned. They aimed at an effective redistribution of political and economic power. Such radicals could be reunited in the sense of coöperating to gain possession of the government, but not for its manipulation once it has been secured.

It was apparent in the Chicago conventions that the two factions were no more in accord than they were four years ago. To be sure the delegates in the Progressive convention were largely of the hero-worshipping type, voicing their lack of sympathy with Republicanism by demonstrations for the man of whose interests they were most solicitous. Issues and programs were of secondary moment for them, and they received assurances of Mr. Hughes's progressive tendencies with the same thunderous silence they accorded to the proposal of Henry Cabot Lodge as a compromise candidate. But there were also real radicals there, men and women less concerned with what fortune the next four years would bring Mr. Roosevelt, than with more or less drastic changes in the established social and political order. The Progressive delegates, whether they regarded Mr. Roosevelt as a means or as an end, were ready to return to Republican ranks only because in that course lay an effective opposition to Mr. Wilson. Only for the same purpose were the old-liners ready to welcome them. The common factor of the two organizations was a negative one. The present administration must be ousted—that was the watchword, the real keynote of convention week.

It has been the keynote ever since. In his speech of acceptance Mr. Hughes saw in it a solution of the difficulties that beset him. He was up in front, in the center of the Republican hotbed of inertia, facing an audience of mixed determinations. With so varied a clientele the vaudeville performer discards his boarding-house joke and his mother-in-law pleasantry, and falls back on the sure-fire reference to Mr. Bryan. So Mr. Hughes, discarding the labor-legislation joke and the foreign-policy pleasantry, won his hearers with an attack on Mr. Wilson. That was what his audience was waiting for, not alone the actual witnesses of the acceptance ceremony, but the anti-Wilson men all over the country. Being a passionate advocate of efficient administration, Mr. Hughes was able to state the issue unconfusedly.

Along this line the Republicans have conducted their campaign. Successive acts of the President and of Congress, most recently the passage of the Adamson bill, have been made the principal reasons for voting for Mr. Hughes in November. It is doubtful whether a negative issue can be a successful one in every case. In California it will be difficult to alarm a naturally progressive constituency into forgetting the speeches and promises to which it responded four years ago. But the Democratic party has never been so thoroughly consolidated as it is to-day, and cognizance of this fact on the part of anti-Wilson men is an effective spur to consolidation for defense. It is for such cognizance that the directors of the Republican campaign have striven; it is an indication of their success that Maine gave Governor-elect Milliken a majority of 13,000 votes.

To interpret the result in Maine as anything more, as a real reunion of Progressives and Republicans, is to misunderstand the nature of the campaign and the temper of the two elements. Anti-Wilsonism, plus habit and prejudice, gave the Republicans a clear victory. Desire to wield immediate political power has enervated desire for political reform, no less among Maine Progressives than in the country at large. The radical in Maine did not insist upon or expect the fulfilment of his aims of four years ago when he cast a ballot for Mr. Milliken. He was content to vote No, on the question of whether the Democratic administration should be retained in power. The margin of Republican success cannot be interpreted as an indication that the Republican party has recognized radicalism, or that radicalism has put its trust in the Republican party. There is absolutely no evidence of such an alliance. It is simply a testimonial of Republican fear of Democracy. Such a motive cannot constitute the basis for a lasting agreement between progressives and reactionaries. If Mr. Hughes is elected he will find in the reason for his success the rudiments of future perplexities. Like the unfortunate King James who ruled the separate kingdoms of Scotland and England, he will discover that personal allegiance even to a well intentioned leader cannot ward off the crumbling of an administration with no other support.

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Errors of Criminal Justice

ALL too frequently the public is shocked by the news that the state has convicted and imprisoned a person subsequently proved to have been innocent of any crime. These accidents in the administration of the criminal law happen either through an unfortunate concurrence of circumstances or perjured testimony or are the result of mistaken identity, the conviction having been obtained by zealous prosecuting attorneys on circumstantial evidence.

Two recent cases will serve as illustrations. A Hungarian immigrant named Toth, an innocent bystander at a saloon brawl in which a man was killed, was arrested for the murder. Rather dull of wit, unable to speak English, and hardly knowing what was happening, he was quickly convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment. He continually protested his innocence. After serving twenty years of his sentence his innocence was established beyond a doubt. He was released from prison a physical wreck. The law could only give him his liberty; the state legislature declined to grant him compensation and finally Andrew Carnegie extended him sufficient charity to take him to Hungary and gave him a small monthly stipend. The celebrated Beck case in England arose through mistaken identity in conjunction with gross negligence by the English police, prosecuting officers and the courts. Beck served seven years on a serious charge and was then released only because the real offender fell into the hands of the police and the mistake of indentity was established. As an act of grace, due largely to the unwelcome notoriety of the case, Parliament granted Beck an indemnity. In the vast majority of cases, the poor sufferer receives no second thought from the community or any responsible authority.

The matter with which we are now concerned is to ascertain whether the state, by simply opening the jail door, has completely fulfilled its obligation toward these unfortunate victims of the errors of justice. Let us note what the state has done in these cases. It has taken the man from his daily occupation by mistake, either because circumstances appeared against him, or because he looked like the real criminal, or from some other mistaken cause. The state must of course prosecute persons suspected of crime; but when the facts subsequently show that it has convicted and imprisoned the wrong man, an innocent man, does not the state owe the victim of its mistake compensation for the special sacrifice he has been compelled to make in the public interest?

Our law begins with the assumption that the state can do no wrong and it is therefore apt to be indifferent when by its own wrong it has injured a private individual. With the progress of time, however, the state has come to make compensation for many of its wrongs, and our federal government and practically all the states for many cases now subject themselves to suit at the hands of injured individuals. It was for this purpose that the Federal Court of Claims was established. Again, the state freely admits that, for certain interferences with private rights in the public interest, compensation to the private individual must be made. Thus, when his property is taken for a public use, such as a public building or a road, compensation is made. This is fundamental. Yet, when the liberty of an individual is taken for the public use—and the preservation of the public peace through the administration of the criminal law is a public purpose at least equally vital to social welfare as the erection of public buildings—the right to compensation is apparently overlooked. Why? Dean Wigmore has well said:

> Because we have persisted in the self-deceiving assumption that only guilty persons are convicted. We have been ashamed to put into our code of justice any law which *per se* admits that our justice may err. But let us be realists. Let us confess that of course it may and does err occasionally. And when the occasion is plainly seen, let us complete our justice by awarding compensation. This measure must appeal to all our instincts of manhood as the only honorable course, the least that we can do. To ignore such a claim is to make shameful an error which before was pardonable.

Two main theories underlie such compensation. The first is the principle involved in the exercise of eminent domain, that is, that the owner of private property taken for public use shall be compensated. In this case private liberty, a right at least as sacred as that of property, is taken for the public use.

The other theory is the same as that which supports workmen's compensation, which has now received legislative expression in practically every progressive state. The principle is this—that in the operation of any great undertaking, such as the management of a large industry or the administration of the criminal law, there are bound to be a number of accidents. In other words, among the thousands that are annually convicted some will be wrongfully convicted through mistake. We have recognized, in certain spheres of activity, that it is unfair to the individuals injured that they

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alone should bear the entire loss resulting from the accident, and therefore society distributes the loss among its members. Where the common interest is joined for a common end—maintaining the public peace by the prosecution of crime—each individual member being subject to the same danger (erroneous conviction) the loss when it occurs should be borne by the community as a whole and not by the injured individual alone.

In moving for this amendment of the criminal law we are guided not solely by our sense of justice, but have, as models and precedents, the legislation of most of the countries of western Europe. Germany, France, Austria, Portugal, Denmark, Norway, Sweden and Switzerland now have elaborate statutes governing this subject and will in all probability soon be joined by Italy and Holland. Ever since the French Revolution, reformers and criminalists have sought to bring about this amendment of the criminal law, and from 1886 on they have seen their efforts crowned with success in one country after another. Why should we in the United States lag behind any longer? The justice underlying the compensation is apparent. In overcoming practical objections, we again have before us the examples furnished by the countries of Europe.

We must distinguish two classes of injustice of the character under discussion. The first is the detention of an erroneously accused innocent person extending up to his acquittal. An injustice has here been done undoubtedly, in that the accused has been unjustly detained and put to the trouble and expense of defense against a criminal prosecution.

Yet the case of unjust detention pending trial is left aside for the present, in order that we may deal with the much more flagrant injustice of a conviction of an innocent person followed by sentence and imprisonment. Where the facts show that the conviction has resulted through no demerit of his own, certainly the state owes the victim compensation for the grievous wrong he has been compelled to suffer. Most of the European countries provide for indemnification in both cases, that is, detention pending trial which results in acquittal, and the still harsher case of unjust conviction and imprisonment. We propose to deal now with the practical features of compensation in the case of erroneous conviction.

A right to relief of this kind might be abused if it were not strictly limited. We propose therefore so to limit the right to compensation that its benefits could be obtained only in cases of the grossest injustice and most deserving relief. Here again much may be learned from European legislation.

It is clear that we cannot compensate every acquitted person. In fact under our lax administration of the criminal law and the possibility of technicalities producing injustice, we know that many morally guilty persons are legally acquitted.

We would first, therefore, compel the unjustly convicted person claiming the right to relief to prove that he was innocent of the crime with which he was charged and not guilty of any other offense against the law. And here he must satisfactorily show one of two things: that the crime, if committed, was not committed by the accused, or that the crime was not committed at all. This at once eliminates from consideration a vast class of possible claimants.

In the second place, the loss indemnified shall be confined to the pecuniary injury, that is, loss of income, costs for defense and for securing his ultimate acquittal or pardon, and similar losses. It is true that the pecuniary injury is in these cases the smallest element of loss; the damage to reputation and mental suffering are by far the greater injuries. To compensate this moral injury, however, might entail severe burdens on the state treasury and open the way to speculative claims. For this reason it might be better to exclude from all possibility of claim the moral injury suffered. In any event we would limit the amount of the relief to $5,000, as the highest sum recoverable.

Again, certain other limitations must be provided for, either specifically, or by consideration by the court awarding the compensation. For example, the accused must not by censurable conduct of his own have caused his arrest, prosecution or conviction; thus, the concealment of evidence, the making of a false confession or any similar reprehensible act should operate as a bar to the claim. This follows the well known maxims that a claimant must come into court with clean hands, and that no one shall profit by his own wrong. As the award of an indemnity is to be discretionary, the court should take into consideration all the circumstances of the case which may defeat or in any other way affect the right to and the amount of the relief.

There may be some difficulty in the matter of procedure, although this can easily be adjusted. We consider the Court of Claims, or similar state court having jurisdiction of claims against the state, as the forum appropriate for this relief, more so than the trial, appellate, or second trial court, even though these courts could perhaps better judge of the intrinsic merits and circumstances of the case. Moreover, an executive pardon is often based on evidence which has never been submitted to a court. We advocate jurisdiction being given to a

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court of claims in order to maintain the traditions of American judicial procedure. If the jury or trial court were given the right to pronounce on the propriety of an award in a case of acquittal (as is the case in some of the European countries) it would bring into our law a new kind of acquittal in which the jury or judge could acquit with degrees of approval or sympathy, a procedure which might give rise to odious distinctions. While it would be desirable to have the benefit of the special knowledge of the case secured by the trial court or by the jury, it is better to forego this advantage for the sake of conformity with legal custom and to leave the establishment of the damage to a court having jurisdiction of other claims against the state.

It may be argued as an objection to such a measure that the case is of infrequent occurrence. The very fact, however, that there will be few demands on the state treasury should overcome any hesitation there may be to enact appropriate legislation. The mere infrequency of the case is no reason for a failure to acknowledge the principle and to remedy the wrong. It makes the individual hardship when it does occur seem all the more distressing. Dean Wigmore has explained our previous indifference to the grievous injustice thus inflicted on innocent individuals as follows:

> It is nobody's interest, apparently, to move for such a law. You and I have never suffered in that way; no large business is threatened; no class of persons feel a loss in their pockets; and so nobody exerts himself. Only the casual victims feel the wrong and to expect them to unite in a demand for legislation is absurd.

Since the enactment of this legislation was first proposed, in January, 1913, two of our states, Wisconsin (Laws of 1913, ch. 189) and California (Laws of 1913, ch. 165), have enacted statutes on the lines suggested. Public opinion should support the measure. At this time, when social justice is the watchword of legislative reform, it is not an unreasonable expectation that statutes carrying into effect this desirable reform will soon be enacted by our federal and state governments, for which Wisconsin and California may be regarded as worthy examples.

EDWIN M. BORCHARD.

William James as Highbrow

NO one really wants to be considered a highbrow. The term itself, as Mr. Van Wyck Brooks says, is derogatory. Here and there a person may be so superior as to be flattered by the derision of the herd. Undergraduates like to think they are. But a man has to be far gone in superiority before he relishes the notion of being avoided for its sake. You cannot imagine a man like Nietzsche trying to prove he had a heart, any more than you can imagine him shooting the chutes at Coney Island. He is the kind of Olympian whose dignity seems to have been inherent. You would just as soon drink beer out of porcelain as slap a Nietzsche on the back. But the ordinary Olympian, certainly in America, is more anxious to show he is gregarious than to protect his reputation for superiority and intellect. You do not have to slap him on the back, he slaps you. If he is running for office, in particular, he wants it to be known that blood, not ice-water, flows through his veins. He yearns to indicate that he is a Good Fellow. He tells funny stories, has himself photographed playing pinochle, is discovered by his interviewer sitting at the organ singing "Home, Sweet Home." A man may have the temperament of a hermit-crab in private life; in public life he must smile cheerily when a boilermaker crushes his fingers and bellows: "Tommy, put it there." There are not many people, in truth, who desire to skewer you with indignity to see how well-done your heart is. But it is bound to happen in an American campaign if people suspect that the candidate is lofty or impractical or cold.

The word "highbrow" has no consistent meaning. Highbrow music means classic music, so-called difficult music, while a highbrow politician means a difficult politician mainly in the sense that he will not always play the game. A highbrow in general, to quote Mr. Brooks's "America's Coming-of-Age," is undoubtedly "the superior person whose virtue is admitted but felt to be an inept unpalatable virtue; while the 'Lowbrow' is a good fellow one readily takes to, but with a certain scorn for him and all his works." But what makes the highbrow's virtue inept and unpalatable? That is where the problem lies.

The difficulty is not with virtue itself. A man may be of the sort that neither drinks nor smokes nor chews nor swears, he may be of the sort that loves books and wears spectacles, and yet not be a highbrow. Mr. Roosevelt is a case in point. What saves him from being a highbrow is, to put it scientifically, his guts. What makes it hard to accept the highbrow is not the spotlessness of his

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conduct but the deficiency of his sympathy. He manages all the more easily to be superior because he never risks his neck. He may be deferential but he has no intellectual humility. He is arrogant inside. In "The Gods Are Athirst" Anatole France has depicted a monstrous highbrow, and Henry James has shown one in the fastidious Osmond. The frigidity of such men, their chilly indifference combined with a high sensibility, distinguishes them. In Lincoln's cabinet there were such patronizing men, and one remembers Walter Bagehot's echoing tone: "The notion of employing a man of unknown smallness at a crisis of unknown greatness is to our minds simply ludicrous. Mr. Lincoln, it is true, happened to be a man, if not of eminent ability, yet of eminent justness. There was an inner depth of Puritan nature which came out under suffering, and was very attractive. But success in a lottery is no argument for lotteries. What were the chances against a person of Lincoln's antecedents, elected as he was, proving to be what he was?" This is the way a highbrow talks.

The coldness of the highbrow is not simply a matter of popular prejudice. It is a matter of psychology, a matter of fact. "Where long familiarity with a certain class of effects, even aesthetic ones, has blunted mere emotional excitability as much as it has sharpened taste and judgment," says William James in the second volume of his Psychology, "we do get the intellectual emotion, if such it can be called, pure and undefiled. And the dryness of it, the paleness, the absence of all glow, as it may exist in a thoroughly expert critic's mind, not only shows us what an altogether different thing it is from the 'coarser' emotions we considered first, but makes us suspect that almost the entire difference lies in the fact that the bodily sounding-board, vibrating in the one case, is in the other mute. 'Not so very bad' is, in a person of consummate taste, apt to be the highest limit of approving expression. *'Rien ne me choque'* is said to have been Chopin's superlative of praise of new music. A sentimental layman would feel, and ought to feel, horrified, on being admitted into such a critic's mind, to see how cold, how thin, how void of human significance, are the motives for favor or disfavor that there prevail. The capacity to make a nice spot on the wall will outweigh a picture's whole content; a foolish trick of words will preserve a poem; an utterly meaningless fitness of sequence in one musical composition sets at naught any amount of 'expressiveness' in another.

"I remember seeing an English couple sit for more than an hour on a piercing February day in the Academy at Venice before the celebrated 'Assumption' by Titian; and when I, after being chased from room to room by the cold, concluded to get into the sunshine as fast as possible and let the pictures go, but before leaving drew reverently near to them to learn with what superior forms of susceptibility they might be endowed, all I overheard was the woman's voice murmuring: 'What a *deprecatory* expression her face wears! What self-abneg*ation!* How *unworthy* she feels of the honor she is receiving!' Their honest hearts had been kept warm all the time by a glow of spurious sentiment that would have fairly made old Titian sick. Mr. Ruskin somewhere makes the (for him terrible) admission that religious people as a rule care little for pictures, and that when they do care for them they generally prefer the worst ones to the best. Yes! in every art, in every science, there is the keen perception of certain relations being *right* or not, and there is the emotional flush and thrill consequent thereupon. And these are two things, not one. In the former of them it is that experts and masters are at home. The latter accompaniments are bodily commotions that they may hardly feel, but that may be experienced in their fulness by *crétins* and philistines in whom the critical judgment is at its lowest ebb. The 'marvels' of Science, about which so much edifying popular literature is written, are apt to be 'caviare' to the men in the laboratories. And even divine Philosophy itself, which common mortals consider so 'sublime' an occupation, on account of the vastness of its data and outlook, is too apt to the practical philosopher himself to be but a sharpening and tightening business, a matter of 'points,' of screwing down things, of splitting hairs, and of the 'intent' rather than the 'extent' of conceptions. Very little emotion here!—except the effort of setting the attention fine, and the feeling of ease and relief (mainly in the breathing apparatus) when the inconsistencies are overcome and the thoughts run smoothly for a while."

To the fate of the highbrow, William James testifies by a confession: "No matter how emotional the temperament may be, if the imagination be poor, the occasions for touching off the emotional trains will fail to be realized, and the life will be *pro tanto* cold and dry. . . It will be remembered that Mr. Galton found the members of the Royal Society and of the French Academy of Sciences to be below par in visualizing power. If I may speak of myself, I am far less able to visualize now, at the age of 46, than in my earlier years; and I am strongly inclined to believe that the relative sluggishness of my emotional life at present is quite as much connected with this fact as it is with the invading torpor of hoary eld, or with the omnibus-horse routine of settled profes-

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sional and domestic life. I say this because I occasionally have a flash of the old stronger visual imagery, and I notice that the emotional commentary, so to call it, is then liable to become much more acute than is its present wont."

The life of the highbrow, if we are to judge by William James, does not provide the conditions necessary and sufficient for "an abundant emotional life." In that fact alone there is something to substantiate the popular antipathy to the highbrow. He has not "an emotional temperament on the one hand, and a lively imagination for objects and circumstances on the other." He tends also, mercilessly intelligent, to disregard "human" requirements, to dehumanize life. Is he therefore as culpable as the lowbrow thinks him? William James speaks on both counts.

The coolness of the highbrow he defends. "The oftener we meet an object, the more definitely we think and behave about it; and the less is the organic perturbation to which it gives rise. The first time we saw it we perhaps could neither act nor think at all, and had no reaction but organic perturbation. The emotions of startled surprise, wonder, or curiosity were the result. Now we look at it with absolutely no emotion. This tendency to economy in the nerve-paths through which our sensations and ideas discharge, is the basis of all growth in efficiency, readiness and skill. Where would the general, the surgeon, the presiding chairman, be, if their nerve-currents kept running down into their viscera, instead of keeping up amid their convolutions? But what they gain for practice by this law, they lose, it must be confessed, for feeling. For the world-worn and experienced man, the sense of pleasure which he gets from the free and powerful flow of thoughts, overcoming obstacles as they arise, is the only compensation for that freshness of heart which he once enjoyed."

On the general score of highbrowism William James can also be applied; and here he himself radiantly illustrates what it means to have the stimulus of life "drafted off into nerves which lead merely to the writing finger or the speaking tongue." "Life," he says, "is one long struggle between conclusions based on abstract ways of conceiving cases, and opposite conclusions prompted by our instinctive perception of them as individual facts. The logical stickler for justice always seems pedantic and mechanical to the man who goes by fact and the particular instance, and who usually makes a poor show at argument. Sometimes the abstract conceiver's way is better, sometimes that of the man of instinct. . . . we can give no general rule for deciding when it is morally useful to treat a concrete case as *sui generis*, and when to lump it with others in an abstract class." And then comes the famous and brilliant footnote, as witty a criticism of the highbrow as was ever made.

"You reach the Mephistophelian point of view as well as the point of view of justice," concludes the psychologist in this glorious note, "by treating cases as if they belonged rigorously to abstract classes. Pure rationalism, complete immunity from prejudice, consists in refusing to see that the case before one is absolutely unique. It is always possible to treat the country of one's nativity, the house of one's fathers, the bed in which one's mother died, nay, the mother herself if need be, on a naked equality with all other specimens of so many respective genera. It shows the world in a clear frosty light from which all fuliginous mists of affection, all swamp-lights of sentimentality, are absent. Straight and immediate action becomes easy then—witness a Napoleon's or a Frederick's career. But the question always remains, 'Are the mists and vapors *worth* retaining?' The illogical refusal to treat certain concretes by the mere law of their genus has made the drama of human history. The obstinate insisting that tweedledum is *not* tweedledee is the bone and marrow of life. Look at the Jews and the Scots, with their miserable factions and sectarian disputes, their loyalties and patriotisms and exclusions,—their annals now become a classic heritage, because men of genius took part and sang in them. A thing is important if any one *think* it important. The process of history consists in certain folks becoming possessed of the mania that certain special things are important infinitely, whilst other folks cannot agree in the belief. The Shah of Persia refused to be taken to the Derby Day, saying 'It is already known to me that one horse can run faster than another.' He made the question '*Which* horse?' immaterial. Any question can be made immaterial by subsuming all its answers under a common head. Imagine what college ball-games and races would be if the teams were to forget the absolute distinctness of Harvard from Yale and think of both as One in the higher genus College. The sovereign road to indifference, whether to evils or to goods, lies in the thought of the higher genus."

Did the man who wrote this cease to have "nerve-currents in his viscera," as he suggests a highbrow must? It is clear, on the contrary, that he redeemed thinking just by supporting an "abundant emotional life." When thinking threatens to kill all adventure and imagination, to exclude decision and paralyze sympathy, it is sufficient to recall William James. A man may be "superior" and still a man.

F. H.

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Karen: A Portrait

KAREN interested more by what she always seemed about to say and be than by anything she was at the moment. I could never tell whether her inscrutability was deliberate or whether she did not know how to be articulate. When she was pleased she would gaze at you benignly but there was always a slight uneasiness in the air as if the serenity were only a resultant of tumultuous feelings that were struggling to appreciate the situation. She was always most animated when she was annoyed at you. At those times you could fairly feel the piquant shafts of evil-heartedness hitting your body as she contended against your egoism or any of the personal failings that hurt her sense of your fitness. These moments took you into the presence of the sombre irascibility of that northern land from which she came, and you felt her foreignness brush you. Her smooth, fair, parted hair would become bristly and surly; that face, which looked in repose like some Madonna which a Swedish painter would love, took on a flush; green lights glanced from her eyes. She was as inscrutable in anger as she was in her friendliness. You never knew just what strange personal freak of your villainy had set it off, though you often found it ascribed to some boiling fury in your own placid soul. You were not aware of this fury, but her intuition for it made her more inscrutable than ever.

I first met Karen at a state university in the West where she had come for some special work in literature, after a few years of earning her living at browbeaten stenography. She never went to her classes, and I had many long walks with her by the lake. In that somewhat thin intellectual atmosphere of the college, she devoted most of her time to the fine art of personal relations, and, as nobody who ever looked at her was not fascinated by her blond inscrutability and curious soft intensity, she had no difficulty in soon enmeshing herself in several nebulous friendships. She told us that she hoped eventually to write novels, but there was never anything to show that her novels unfolded anywhere but in her mind as they interpreted the richly exciting detail of her daily personal contacts. If you asked her about her writings, you became immediately thankful that looks could not slay, and some witch-fearing ancestor crossed himself shudderingly in your soul. Intercourse with Karen was not very concrete. Our innumerable false starts at understanding, the violence and exact quality of my interest, the technique of getting just that smooth and silky rapport between us which she was always anticipating —this seemed to make up the fabric of her thoughts. At that time she was reading mostly George Moore and Henry James, and I think she hoped we would all prove adequate for a subtly interwoven society. This was a little difficult in a group that was proud of its modernities, of its dizzy walking over flimsy generalizations, of its gifts of exploding in shrapnels of epigram. Karen loathed ideas and often quoted George Moore on their hideousness. The mere suggestion of an idea was so likely to destroy the poise of her mood, that conversation became a strategy worth working for. Karen did not think, she felt—in slow, sensuous outlines. You could feel her feelings curiously putting out long streamers at you, and, if you were in the mood, a certain subterranean conversation was not impossible. But if you did not happen to guess her mood, then you quarreled.

When I met Karen, she was twenty-five, and I guessed that she would always be twenty-five. She had personal ideals that she wished for herself, and if you asked what she was thinking about, it was quite likely to be the kind of noble woman she was to be, or feared she would not be, at forty. But she was too insistent upon creating her world in her own image to remain sensitive to the impressions that make for growth. As the story of her life came out, the bitter immigrant journey, the despised house work, the struggle to get an education, the office drudgery, the lack of roots and a place, you came to appreciate this personal cult of Karen's. She was so clearly finer and intenser than the people who had been in the world about her, that her starved soul had to find nourishment where it could. Even if she was insensible to ideas, her soft searching at least allured. It was perhaps her starved condition which made her friendships so subject to sudden disaster. Karen's notes were always a little more brightly intimate than her personal resources were able to support. She seemed to start with a plan of the conversation in her head. If you bungled, and with her little retreats and evasions you were always bungling, you could feel her spirit stamp its feet in vexation. She would plan pleasant soliloquies, and you would find yourself in a fiercely cross-examinatory mood. She loathed your probing of her mood, and parried you in a helpless way which made you feel as if you were tearing tissue. You always seemed with Karen to be in a laboratory of personal relations where priceless things were being discovered, but you felt her more as an alchemist than a modern physicist of the soul, and her method rather that of trial and error than real experiment.

I am quite sure that Karen's system of personal relations was platonic. She never seemed to get beyond that laying of the broad foundation of the Jamesian tone that would have been necessary to

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make the thing an "affair." She was often lovely and she was not unloved. She was much interested in men, but it was more as co-actors in a personal drama of her own devising than as lovers or even as men. The most she ever hoped for, I think, was to be the sacred fount, and to have her flow copious and manifold. You felt the immense qualifications a man would have to have in the subtleties of rapport to make him even a candidate for loving. For Karen, men seemed to exist only as they brought a touch of ceremonial into their personal relations. I think Karen never quite intended to surround herself with the impenetrable armor of vestal virginity, and yet she did not avoid it. However glowing and mysterious she might look as she lay before the fire in her room, so that to an impatient friend nothing might seem more important than to catch her up warmly in his arms, he would have been an audacious brigand who violated the atmosphere. Karen always so much gave the impression of playing for higher and nobler stakes that no brigand ever appeared. Whether she deluded herself as to what she wanted or whether she had a clearer insight than most women into the predatoriness of my sex, her relations with men were rarely smooth. Caddishness seemed to be breaking out repeatedly in the most unexpected places.

Some of the most serious of my friends got dark inadequacies charged against them by Karen. I was a little in her confidence, but I could rarely gather more than that the men of to-day had no sensitiveness and were far too coarse for the fine and decent friendships which she spent so much of her time and artistic imagination on arranging for them with herself. I was constantly undergoing, at the hands of Karen, a course of discipline myself, for my ungovernable temper or my various repellant "tones" or my failure to catch just the quality of certain people we discussed. I understood dimly the lucklessness of her "cads." They had perhaps not been urbanely plastic, they had perhaps been impatiently adoring. They had at least not offended in any of the usual ways. She would even forgive them sometimes with surprising suddenness. But she never so far forgot her principles as to let them dictate a mood. She never recognized any of the naïver collisions of men and women.

Karen often seemed keenly to wonder at this unsatisfactoriness of men. She cultivated them, walking always in her magic circle, but they slipped and grew dimmer. She had her fling of feminism towards the end of her year. She left the university to become secretary for a state suffrage leader. Under the stress of public life she became fierce and serious. She abandoned the picturesque peasant costumes which she had affected, and made herself hideous in mannish skirts and waists. She felt the woes of women, and saw everywhere the devilish hand of the exploiting male. If she ever married, she would have a house separate from her husband. She would be no parasite, no man's woman. She spoke of the "human sex," and set up its norms for her acquaintanceships.

When I saw Karen later, however, she was herself again. She had taken up again the tissue of personal relations. But in that reconstituted world all her friends seemed to be women. Her taste of battle had seemed to fortify and enlighten that ancient shrinking; her old annoyance that men should be abruptly different from what she would have them. She was intimate with feminists whose feminism had done little more for their emotional life than to make them acutely conscious of the cloven hoof of the male. Karen, in her brooding way, was able to give this philosophy a far more poetical glamor than any one I knew. Her woman friends adored her, even those who had not acquired that mystic sense of "loyalty to woman" and did not believe that no man was so worthy that he might not be betrayed with impunity. Karen, on her part, adored her friends, and the care that had been spent on unworthy men now went into toning up and making subtle the women around her. She did a great deal for them, and was constantly discovering godlike creatures in shop and street and bringing them in to be mystically mingled with her circle.

Naturally it is Karen's married friends who cause her greatest concern. Eternal vigilance is the price of their salvation from masculine tyranny. In the enemy's country, under at least the nominal yoke, these married girls seem to Karen subjects for her prayer and aid. She has become exquisitely sensitive to any aggressive gestures on the part of these creatures with whom her dear friends have so inexplicably allied themselves, and she is constantly in little subtle intrigues to get the victim free or at least armisticed. She broods over her little circle, inscrutable, vigilant, a true vestal virgin on the sacred hearth of woman. Husbands are doubtless better for that silent enemy whom they see jealously adoring their wives.

Karen still leaves trails of mystery and desire where she goes, but it is as a woman's woman that I see her now, and, I am ashamed to say, ignore her. Men could not be crowded into her Jamesian world and she has solved the problem by obliterating them. She will not live by means of them. Since she does not know how to live with them she lives without them.

MAX COE.

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The Split in the Parliamentary Group of the German Socialists

I

WHATEVER may be the after-effect of the present war, there can be no doubt that, in Europe, its immediate effect spells political reaction, even if this reaction does not at once manifest itself in domestic legislation. Indeed, the war has here and there been the instigator of some measures of reform and may provoke others. As in all ages the common soldier has, during the war, become more and more valuable, and military leaders have wanted to keep him in the best possible humor—"on the battlefield the man has some value still" sings Friedrich Schiller in "Wallenstein." In our era of more or less universal military service it becomes a commanding necessity in wartime to show the working class greater regard than in peace. Consequently it is not political reaction in the ordinary sense that confronts us, but retrograde tendencies in political thought and conception. This, certainly, is the worst form of reaction.

Nowhere can it be more clearly observed than in Germany. The ill considered and now almost forgotten manifesto of the German professors to the neutrals was only the first striking expression of a mental bias that ever since has increased in force and depth. Undoubtedly there are now signs of an opposition. But their importance must not be exaggerated. In most cases they are more a revolt against the excesses of nationalism gone mad than a true return to such conceptions of international right and morality as would correspond to the state of civilization and human intercourse gained up to our twentieth century. There are still comparatively few who are prepared to put the rights of nations before what they imagine their national interest, and there are still too many who placidly approve any action contradicting the demands of international law, if only it ministers to the spirit of national revenge or spite. This not so much from an innate leaning towards brutality as from loss of judgment and the sense of proportion and equity.

The reaction I have described has, to a certain extent, seized the German Social-Democratic movement, although, apart from a small section—mostly disavowed—the party as a whole has indisputably kept clean of any show of vulgar jingo sentiments, and its parliamentary representatives have tried to declare as often as possible in favor of peace and goodwill towards other nations. But if this much can be safely affirmed, it must yet be admitted that the party's reaction to the phraseology of governmental officialdom and to the official representation of the causes, origin, vicissitudes, and problems of the war has not been the powerful resistance expected of it by all friends of international peace and particularly by the socialist parties in most of the other countries. Its attitude on the 4th of August, 1914, when in contradiction to the manifesto of its executive of July 25th, its parliamentary representatives voted the credits for the war, was a terrible disappointment. The vote has proved to be one of the main causes, if not the main cause, of the paralysis of the International, of the working classes as a political power—and every day proves more clearly how great was the loss to humanity when this force was vitiated. And fatal also have been the effects of the vote on the spiritual evolution of the German working class and their party.

It has been a dearly bought object lesson in the action of the law of consequences in the domain of political mentality. When on the 3rd and 4th of August, 1914, the Social-Democratic group of the Reichstag discussed the question of the war credits, few of those who declared for voting did so with any notion that it would mean the first step towards a departure from the traditional policy of the party respecting armaments, war and foreign relations. But from what we see now it was, as a matter of fact, a decided step towards such departure. Most of those who then voted the credits have little by little become the prisoners of that vote. It is Goethe's, "The first is free to us, the second we are slaves," over again. Slowly and reluctantly they have changed from defenders of their vote —by this very defense—to tacit defenders of the conceptions of the relations between nation and nation possessed by those in power and by the middle class behind them.

It would be bad taste to disparage in an outside journal comrades of mine from whom I may differ. The general facts are known, and I shall confine myself to the interpretation of tendencies and currents. We are in the midst of a crisis, and nobody can with certainty predict at present where it will end. How much the aspect of things is still changing is illustrated by the shifting of the proportion of majority to minority in the Reichstag group of the party.

On August 4th, 1914, only 14 out of 110 members were either for refusing the war credits or for abstaining from voting. At each subsequent vote the number increased until in December, 1915, it had grown to 44. Thus the relation of the Ayes and the Noes shrank from 7:1 to 3:2. People had already begun to reckon with the possibility of the minority becoming the majority when events occurred which led to the present split.

II

It has been a traditional rule of the Social-Democratic Reichstag group at parliamentary divisions to offer an undivided front to the opposition. The normal practice was for the conscientious objectors to leave the hall and abstain from voting, and in the Reichstag in peace times they numbered seldom more than half a dozen. But the presuppositions of the old practice have been greatly changed by the war. A really free public discussion respecting war credits or similar votes has become impossible. On the other hand it has also become impossible to conceal from the public the fact that the group is now not unanimous, when on the war credits a considerable minority abstains from voting with the majority. The old obligation to disappear unostentatiously when the votes on a division are taken has now become void from the aspect of its traditional purpose, and oppressive to a minority of members who have wanted to confess their attitude in public and have their negative vote counted. Their request, in consideration of the abnormal political conditions, to be allowed to digress from the normal practice was firmly refused by the majority. Still less has the majority shown itself prepared to allow a speaker of the minority the use of the freedom of the platform of the Reichstag for an explanation of his dissentient views on the war.

To those abroad this stubbornness might appear absolutely unreasonable. Undoubtedly the unity of a democratic party would be a very poor thing if it could only and alone be upheld by the rigid rules of the barracks. And may not a party, under given circumstances, strengthen its political unity by conceding its minorities the liberty they loyally ask for? I cannot deny that I regard this persistent refusal as an indication of short-sighted states-

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manship. But I must in fairness add that it does not lack some intelligible reason.

The dispute between the members of the parliamentary group did not remain the party's secret. It had its echo in the Socialist press, where a number of dailies took the side of the minority. It reached also the rank and file of the party and was discussed in public or private meetings, according to the strictness or leniency of the military authorities. And in not a few of those meetings the speakers of the minorities, though hampered by the restrictions of the martial law, scored remarkable successes. But general uneasiness growing out of the long duration of the war, it became the policy of the majority that the minority should not be treated as the equal, so to speak, of the majority in the representation of the party.

III

What is the policy of the majority? Briefly: The leaders of the majority and many of the plain members of the parliamentary group want to disarm by their attitude during the war the malignant opponents and detractors of the party, who formerly did not hesitate to denounce it as unpatriotic and as without feeling for the greatness of the fatherland. In this way they hope to fortify the political chances of the movement in its future struggles and to clear the way for all sorts of political reforms. The party would, as it were, become a recognized party of the empire for positive and constructive work.

In the abstract this sounds well. The question is, how will it work in practice when the realities of every-day policy again have to be met. With all its upheavals the war will not eradicate the questions which in former years divided the working-class party from the middle-class party. Rather will it increase them and give them edge. Consider the question of armaments. It is almost certain that the split of Europe into two hostile groups will not at once be annihilated when the war is over, but that, on the contrary, the coming peace will for many years unfortunately be not much better than a prolonged armistice. Instead of less armaments, more will be demanded. Will the Socialists support this demand? If they do, they will be giving up the best part of themselves, and will be no better than a party of class interest in the narrowest sense of the word. In such a case they had better change the name of the party. But if they refuse and fight as consistently as they formerly did, they would then at once be denounced again as the non-patriotic party, and the old gulf would unremittingly reopen.

Besides, there is the broad question of militarism. The war is in a high degree the trial of German militarism. Shall it be maintained with its present features or not? For the parties of the middle class the question is almost settled already. Unless the war ends for Germany in a downright defeat, they will maintain it by hook or crook. But with Socialists the question is different. If they draw those lessons from the war, its origin, its methods and its moral and social results, which in the opinion of this writer are inevitable from the standpoint of socialism and genuine democracy, they must continue to fight militarism not less but still more strenuously than before whether the war ends in victory or defeat—nay, perhaps all the more energetically if militarism comes forth apparently triumphant. They must oppose it not only by speeches, but also by votes. And this again would stamp them as political Ishmaelites.

Militarism is in Germany most intimately connected with the fiscal question. The class which is interested in high import duties is the same which is also interested in the present form of militarism. You cannot uphold the policy of high import duties without perpetuating the worst form of rivalry and strained relations between respective nations —which would again make for militarism. What will be the future attitude of the Socialist on the fiscal question? If he will not betray his past and the great interests of the working class he must oppose with all his energy that tariff policy which by its advocates is euphemistically called the protection of national labor. This, too, will make the Socialist the obnoxious party. And so on.

The intimate connection of all the fundamental subjects of policy of a modern nation makes it impossible to maintain the Socialist policy with respect to some and not to others. There is a law of concatenation that cannot be violated without the most fatal consequences. If Socialists cease to maintain that their patriotism is of a different order from that of their present rulers, if they renounce the mission of being the party of the common international interests of humanity, if they begin to measure with the middle class the greatness of their country by its military prowess, then must they be prepared also to overthrow their programs in most other directions.

By far the greater mass of the adherents of the present majority do not realize this. They fail to see that with the voting of the war credits they have set their feet on a slope where one may glide to the bottom almost without being aware of it. Events have already shown this to be the case.

IV

At first—and indeed for a long time—the consequences of the vote made themselves manifest rather by omissions than commissions. The party had in a degree lost its voice. It was silent at occurrences against which it would formerly have most loudly protested. The example of its silence towards all that was going on in Belgium is striking. And not only did it observe this discretion in its official utterances, but it discountenanced those of its members, like Karl Liebknecht, who ventured to break it on their own account. It did not wound the susceptibilities of the fire-eaters of its own country, and it took no heed of the feelings of the Socialists of other countries who anxiously had waited for some vigorous protest from the greatest Socialist party of the world. No wonder the leaders of the French Socialists declared that they could not recognize the German Social-Democratic party as a faithful member of the International, and that they would take no part in any conference in which members from it were present.

When Hugo Haase led a revolt against the old-fashioned rigid parliamentary procedure in a speech defending the right of 17 members of the minority—20, following the regular discipline, left the hall—to veto the war credits vote of March 24th, 1916, he was howled down by the majority and stricken from the list of the members of the group in the budget committee in the Reichstag. This was a practical sentence of parliamentary civil death. Haase and his associates felt themselves compelled to part company with the old parliamentary group and formed in the Reichstag a group of their own which they called the Union of Social-Democratic Work (Sozialdemokratische Arbeitsgemeinshaft) with Herren Haase and George Ledebour, another well known member of the party, as its chairmen. Although not connected directly with the Haase incident I have joined the new group, sharing its views concerning the duty of German Social-Democrats in the

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present war. I am unable to tolerate the new group's expulsion, for expulsion it is, if not in form, certainly in fact.

Two Social-Democratic members of the Reichstag who have also left the old group; Herren Karl Liebknecht and Otto Ruhle have not joined the new Union. They are of a more intransigeant conviction still, and follow a policy of their own as "savages," a name given all the members of the Reichstag who have not joined an organized parliamentary group. About 20 members who are against voting any new war credits have remained in the old group, forming its left wing. It depends upon the course of events whether they will not also join the new Union in the end.

The split in the Reichstag representation of the party does not mean a split in the party itself, and it is to be hoped that it will not lead to it. The new group has resolved to confine its separate existence strictly to the fulfillment of the parliamentary mandate of its members. Consequently it will not assume any of the powers that belong to the duly elected committees of the party. It does not pretend to be a new party nor does it countenance the propaganda for new local organizations among the rank and file—or the withholding of contributions from the official committee of the party. Such propaganda does spring up here and there, but it is fostered by people who rally round Herren Liebknecht and Ruhle, and may be described as the extreme Radical Left of the party. These extremists criticize the new group no less sharply than the old group. In their eyes it is an even greater danger to the revolutionary movement than the old group, which will, according to them, destroy itself "by its own treacherous policy." They blame the Union of Social-Democratic Work for not having left the old group by its own free will rather than by compulsion. Their criticism, however, is of no influence on the policy of the new group.

The latter does not intend to observe an altogether hostile attitude towards the majority. On many questions of home policy it will act on the same lines, and will either directly or in a subsidiary fashion support its motions. It will differentiate itself from it mainly on questions bearing on the war and foreign policy generally. Here it will emphasize in a stronger way than the others the international solidarity of the workers and the duty of the nation to observe most strictly the principles and prescriptions of international law. It will leave not the slightest doubt concerning its firm determination to stand with all its energy by the absolute right of the nation to its full independence within the compass of that international law which binds all the nations, big and small, equally. It will insist on the principle that in the relations of nation towards nation force must under no conditions be put above right or the extension of the power and the domain of international arbitration. It will fight for a peace program which will be acceptable to democracy all over the world.

In the main the new group is composed of members of the old radical section of the party. It also contains a larger proportion of Social-Democrats of old standing in the party than the old group. In fact it has by some already been named the Group of the Veterans. Others have called it the Group of the Doctrinaires, and this, too, contains a grain of truth. In a crisis like the present is there not need for a good deal of doctrinairism to counteract the danger of falling a victim to the moods and enticements of the hour? It may be observed that Karl Kautsky, the editor of the *Neue Zeit* and the most reputed theorist of orthodox Marxism, is as much at one with the new group as the writer of this article—and I was once regarded as the heretic of heretics of the Marxist school. The deeply felt conviction that more is at stake than a few deductions from the basic principles of the Marxist doctrine have led us together. We feel to-day that those fundamental ideas which gave the German Social-Democratic Labor movement its particular moral force are being endangered.

The old group is chiefly led by members of a younger generation, many of them very able men and some of them endowed with much energy. The principal leaders of the Socialist German trade unions, Karl Legion, Gustav Bauer, Robert Schmidt and others, are amongst them, and also such intellectuals as Dr. Ed. David, Paul Gohre, Wolfgang Heine, Alb. Sudekum, who like to advertise their insight into Realpolitik. But their policy tends only too often to degenerate into an unsteady, if not soulless opportunism. This danger is clearly shown by the fact that some members of the old group differ in their appreciation of the war and its aims very little from the politicians of the middle class.

Considering that the old group still numbers 90 members and the new only 19 members, the latter might appear a negligible quantity. But for the functions which devolve upon it big numbers are not indispensable. It is not there to replace the old group in all respects. Its business is to take the place of the larger group only where and when that fails. It might be said to act as its conscience. Unfettered by the restrictive rules they had observed as long as they belonged to the old group, its members are now in a position freely to voice the old Social-Democratic conceptions concerning the duties and responsibilities of governments in their foreign policies and in their conduct of wars. Because of the influence of their members of old standing in the party they are sure to do all in their power to uphold the best traditions of the founders of the party, August Bebel and Wilhelm Liebknecht, who during the Franco-German war of 1870 did so much to win the confidence of Social-Democrats all over the world. Already Haase's speech of April 6th has been hailed by Socialists in all countries as one of those pronouncements for which—aside from the courageous occasional interjectory remarks of Karl Liebknecht, who likes to act as a free lance—they have so long waited in vain. More pronouncements of this character will undoubtedly follow. By consistently acting in this way without giving unnecessary offense to honest, if misguided, fellow comrades, the Union of Social-Democratic Work may exert a wholesome influence on the old group. Hitherto any proposition of its members was done with when, on a division inside the government, the majority of the latter voted against it. No longer will this be the case. The voice of the advanced minority will also be heard publicly, and, whether they like it or not, the leaders of the old majority will have to take account of it. According to the manner in which they receive the new group's criticism either further backsliding will be prevented or the new Union will grow in members. For many of those members who do their own thinking and who remained inside the party and the old group do not intend to submit to a policy of concession to jingo sentiments espoused by the parties of the middle class, and a similar feeling is growing among the rank and file of the party. Already the movement is too strong to be suppressed by extreme measures. The leaders of the majority must put up with it until the time comes when a freely elected congress of the party will be able to discuss the questions at issue and settle them in a democratic way.

ED. BERNSTEIN,
Member of the Reichstag.

Berlin, April 30, 1916.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Another View from France

SIR: I have an idea that even the little group of politicians from whom Mr. Dell has obtained his inspiration for his article, "French Opinion on the War," would no longer agree with his conclusions. The secret sessions of the French Parliament have spoiled their intrigues and a victorious advance on the Somme has followed the gloomy days of Verdun.

I should not attach much importance to that article if it did not seem to me that the facts it presents happen to justify an idea about France which, "made in Germany," has been carefully spread abroad in neutral countries, and especially in the United States. A France bleeding to death and knowing that she has been the dupe of cautious England; a France who, if she could be guaranteed against any sacrifice of her territory, would welcome the chance of withdrawing from a cause which she already deems fruitless: what an appeal it makes to pro-Ally sympathizers! Poor France! Whoever loves her ought to help her out of the "mêlée"!

France seeks justice, not pity: this is the testimony of all Frenchmen who have been in the trenches, who are receiving news from the firing line, who know how thousands of French families have borne up under the death of their children, but to start to prove this conviction by facts would open up an unlimited field of argument; to recall that hundreds of Americans have brought back an idea about France entirely different from that of Mr. Dell, might raise the objection that not one of them was as well situated as Mr. Dell to observe conditions impartially.

However, look at his way of suggesting that France is becoming financially exhausted; he says that importations are on the increase, but has evidently failed to look up the exportation statistics, which show also a considerable increase wherever proper shipping facilities are obtainable, and especially in the trade with the United States. He pictures France living on credit, but he forgets to mention the remarkable strength of that credit, as evidenced by the continuous flow of gold from the "bas de laine" to the public treasury and by the rise in the quotation of the last national five per cent loan, and also by many other signs. Is then his assertion true that the class "bourgeoise" is the only part of the nation that does not suffer by the war? The truth is that no one social group, outside of the peasant, has suffered by the war more than the "bourgeoisie." The "bourgeois" have remained in the trenches with the peasants, while the industrial workers have been sent back to the munition plants. Through the "moratorium" on the payment of rents, which is still in force, the income of the "bourgeois" has been greatly reduced; through the rise in prices the "rentier" with his fixed income has suffered proportionately far more than the wage-earner or business man. The "métiers de luxe," such as the jewelry, dressmaking, fur trades, etc., which lived on the "bourgeois," are far harder hit than any other branches of industry.

But the spirit of the combatants is my main point, since, according to Mr. Dell, weariness is chiefly manifested at the front. To his allegation, "I have met many men who have been made anti-militarists by going to the front; I have never met or even heard of an example of a contrary conversion," I reply with my own personal experience. For the first thirteen months of the war I was with a regiment two-thirds of which had been recruited from a district of Burgundy in which M. Hervé had found his first and most ardent adherents to his propaganda of anti-militarism, which he had been carrying on up to about two years before the war. I can testify that their conduct under fire was worthy of the most shining examples of bravery, and I know from letters written to me by comrades that their "morale" has not changed. Mr. Dell speaks also of the anti-militarism of the population of southern France. Does he know that two of our most famous army corps stationed on the Eastern frontier before the war are now maintaining their reputation with men partly recruited from the South? But is it not enough to refute his most extraordinary assertion, "The old are much more bellicose than the young . . . it is not the men at the front who say they like war," by recalling the "élan" of our troops on the Somme after a five months' defense of Verdun? Has it the appearance of a weary army and one which doubts?

France has changed, Mr. Dell declares. What a fine discovery! No doubt the gray troops who, after a scientific preparation by the artillery, step out from their trenches methodically towards Péronne do not resemble the red-trousered men charging, with a foolhardy bravery, behind officers wearing white gloves against concealed positions of the enemy. They do not cry, "To Berlin," but, in spite of cruel losses, they believe more than ever in victory over Germany. In the famous "On les aura" (we'll get them!) there is some deep thinking upon the strength of the enemy and the means of crushing it, but then what resolution! what confidence! Millions of neutrals down to the antipodes have understood and extolled this serious enthusiasm of France, while it has escaped Mr. Dell, though he has been on the spot. France may have changed, but he has continued to associate with some politicians who have not changed. Take the way he is ensnaring himself with the obsolete terminology of anti-militarist and nationalist, words which have no significance at present, as all civilians of fighting age are soldiers, and the whole nation is armed.

Listen, for instance, to the statement published by a group of well known writers of the anarchistic school, such as Jean Grave, Pierre Kropotkine, Cornelissen, Reclus, etc., on the 25th of last February: "To speak of peace at the present moment is to play into the hands of the German governmental 'clique,' of von Bulow and his agents. . . . Let us solemnly declare that the German aggression was a threat not only against all our hopes of emancipation, but against the evolution of humanity at large. For that reason we anarchists, we anti-militarists, we foes of war, we passionate advocates of peace and fraternity of peoples, we have unanimously sided with those who resist, we have not thought that we should cast our lot apart from the rest of the population."

France is not to be pitied. According to Mr. Dell, a promise to guarantee the territorial integrity of France and Belgium would be enough to make France join in a movement for peace. He says: "That is the direction that any mediation should take." I am afraid the mediation would go astray. The "poilus" in the trenches dream of permanent peace for themselves, their children and grandchildren with as much ardor as the most fervent mem-

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bers of the League to Enforce Peace; but while some Americans are counting on erecting in a short time their exalted edifice of peace on the weariness of the belligerents, the pacifist "poilu" believes that in order to find firm ground for a permanent palace of peace he must first make a clean sweep of German "Kultur" and Prussian militarism. "Fighting phrases," the author of "Terms of Peace" will say; the position of the Allies will become clearer if they define the territory for which they are fighting. A delusion, I answer. For France all territorial gain will be but secondary and temporary as long as our victory does not bring about a moral revolution in Germany.

It does not mean an attack against German thought, but a defense against a certain perversion of this thought. Greek tragedy depicts the punishment which Nemesis never fails to inflict upon those beings who, through conceit, plan to leave the place assigned to them by Destiny and encroach upon the parts of others. We believe that we are the soldiers of this Justice, who sooner or later puts everyone in his right place and reëstablishes Harmony. As for "Kultur," we are fighting only its enrollment of philosophy and history in the service of force, which it slavishly justifies. We are not concerned with Kant or Goethe, but with that barbaric learning of the signers of that famous manifesto of ninety-three German intellectuals. As for Prussian militarism, it is not so much the institution itself that troubles us, but the spirit which it reveals: this worship of Force, which sees in the army the highest expression of the idea of state. What weight will all the plans of the pacifist leagues to suppress militarism have as long as the German arrogance of Force has not been conquered by force?

It is German "Kultur" and Prussian militarism that have for forty-four years made life unbearable for France as neighbor to Germany. Kultur has repeatedly started up alarms, such as Tangiers, Agadir, with the rattling of the sword. "Kultur" means also for France the clumsy meddling of Germany, in her industries, her commerce, and even in her taste, her art. Since the war we have discovered that German clerks, servants and engineers served in our land in time of peace as scouts for the army of invasion; we now realize that the insults of official German literature prophesying the disappearance of decadent France as a first-class Power were taken literally by the army for whom the order was to destroy methodically the French race, old people, women and children included. To an American who has never known what a neighbor Germany has been to us; to an American who declares he is not interested in the causes and issues of the war, and who has not paid much attention to the cruel methods the Germans have used in carrying on the war, this struggle against German "Kultur" may seem senseless. It is nevertheless the inspiring idea of the coalition which binds together Germany's neighbors.

Germany may wish for peace, but a weary Germany is not "a Germany at bay." If she succeeds in imposing peace at her own time upon a coalition of Europe, how conceited she will emerge! Her disappointed ambitions will only be thought of as an invitation to prepare for a new war.

The greatest service our American friends can render France is to quiet the pacifists in their enthusiasm for saving France at once in spite of herself. France has never felt more forcibly the necessity that the struggle must be carried to the bitter end for the sake of permanent international peace.

"I believe this government cannot endure permanently half-slave and half-free. . . ." More than fifty years ago America realized that there could be no compromise on such a question and allowed her armies to settle it. This is the feeling of all France and her allies when they consider the menace of the "Kultur" to their liberty.

A FRENCHMAN.

New York City.

Casement, Ireland and the British Empire

SIR: When I wrote to you some months ago in unstinted praise of THE NEW REPUBLIC, I followed an impulse to express to you *personally* the admiration aroused in me after reading several numbers during the last winter, which led me to become a regular subscriber. The freshness, the intellectual courage of the articles I read, the just appreciation of the great European war—its origin, its methods, its ultimate aims—and the general outlook and ideals for the civilized world struck a resonant chord of sympathy in me and produced the impulse to send my encouraging note to you personally.

Since then I have found myself at variance with you on several points. But, when in your issue of August 19th, I find, not only the violently misleading article on Ireland signed by Francis Hackett, but an editorial note by yourself, in which you class Sir Roger Casement with Miss Cavell and Captain Fryatt, I must record my vigorous protest and can in no way subscribe to your political views.

CHARLES WALDSTEIN.

Cambridge, England.

[NOTE: It was Bernard Shaw, quoted by us, who said, "We have now a priceless opportunity of placing a reprieve of Casement in the sharpest contrast to the execution of Captain Fryatt." We went on to comment that to most good Englishmen the execution was probably regarded as a disagreeable military necessity. But the justification by "military necessity," we argued, could be used even for such actions as the execution of Miss Cavell or firing on the Red Cross. We believed, and still believe, that there are more humane implications than military necessity in the cause of the Allies.—THE EDITORS.]

Distinctions in Statehood

SIR: During a recent visit to the Southwest, I was reminded of the decision of a former great, i. e. massive, President of the United States, in regard to the relative merits of Arizona and New Mexico in the matter of their respective constitutions and fitness to become states.

Arizona has equal suffrage, a prohibition law that has eliminated saloons but left personal liberty to drink if one must drink, and has enlightened labor laws. The citizens have the right to choose their candidates for offices.

The towns across the line in New Mexico are sordid and dirty in appearance and plentifully supplied with saloons. A report of the Republican state convention was being discussed. As name after name of cheap politician, gangster, and bully was mentioned as candidate for high office, groans of disgust were heard.

Remembering the above mentioned ex-President, I said to myself, truly there is no accounting for tastes.

P. E. G.

New York City.

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After the Play

WERE man boiled and served with caper sauce I do not believe you could tell him from mutton. In his own mind man always fears to be a wolf. The much greater probability, of course, is his approximation to a sheep. If there were more deep self-knowledge in the prayer-book human beings would not exclaim against their turbulent desires. They would beg God for courage enough to keep from giving the hat-boy a dime. They would ask the good Lord to deliver them from the terror of wearing a Panama after September 15th. It is very gratifying to pretend to the Lord that we restrain ourselves with great difficulty from murder. The horrible truth, as we well know, is our mute submission to every form of grand and petty tyranny. Why are we strap-hangers? Why do we wear black evening clothes? Why do we go to funerals? Why do we eat baker's white bread? Why do we sign our letters "yours sincerely"? Why do we let Horlick and Hershey and Burrowes and Carter and all the other infamous vulgarians scrawl their ugly names across the fair face of America? Not because we are such surging iconoclasts that we need the Lord to keep us in a cage.

In relation to the things we like in the theatre there is no essential difference as to American behavior. There is the same mute submission to fashion, the same sheepishness about a change. The Philadelphia lady who recently bemoaned the mistake we made in 1776 in breaking away from England has merely a formal grievance. We broke, but we did not break away. It still needs an Arnold Bennett to discover George Cohan in the American theatre. Our own critics, timid reporters for the most part, could not discover the excellence of George Cohan because no one had given them the lead.

The immediate cause of these observations is "Mr. Lazarus," a comedy by Miss Ford and Mr. O'Higgins. The authors are friends of mine, and I have read many of the clippings from newspapers, and nowhere have I seen an original critical appreciation of their aims. Praise, yes, a great deal of it, and some obvious discriminations of an intelligent kind, but no positive grasp of these authors' accomplishment. It may be put down to the feebleness of Americans about validating their art. Had J. M. Barrie invented the same situations, had Arnold Bennett invented them, the critics would have approached the comedy in a proper frame of mind. They would not have stumbled over its lightness or slightness, stopped with its brightness or triteness. They would have functioned as critics. It is an enormous handicap to dramatists in America that only foreigners of a reputation that gives assurance to sheep can hope to be considered with anything like full seriousness and respect.

The situation in "Mr. Lazarus" would, one imagines, provoke in J. M. Barrie the same amusement that it did in its own authors; the same sly, slim comedic smile. It is an inherently amusing situation, and one that owes its value to its suggesting life. A sentimental author could not have used it, but "Mr. Lazarus" is essentially unsentimental. Having no desire to romanticize, the authors could avail to the full of the contingency they proposed. They set in the background, over twenty years in the background, an ordinary love-at-first-sight marriage. They indicated the accident that cut the couple apart. They then showed the woman of this marriage as she had developed—developed from a shy young thing into a middle-aged, fussy, worthy, mentally inconsequential boarding-house keeper, now remarried to a greedy, pompous, self-deceived parasite male. And they brought up against this transmutation of the idyllic girl-bride the man who has kept the idyl for over twenty years, the successful but lonely first husband. For anyone who has the presumptions of romantic love in mind, as the authors undoubtedly had, there are elements of high humor in this conjunction—and also of tenderness, because of the daughter that was born subsequent to the railroad accident which had separated John Molloy from his young wife. Molloy had been a Western miner. He is the sort of man who "comes back" with every sentimental intention to pick up the threads. The second husband creates a difficulty, but one that solves itself through his own crookedness. The real difficulty springs out of the change that has been wrought by time. So far as the authors of "Mr. Lazarus" were concerned, this change was grasped securely. It was wittily, humorously, delicately, sympathetically revealed.

To find slightness in such a comedy argues, to my mind, a taste for stronger flavors than "Mr. Lazarus" attempts to afford. It is no dramatic onion. Where it calls for criticism is not in any inherent slightness of theme, but in certain feebleness of handling by the actors and in one fragility in the construction. That fragility, as I see it, is in the characterization of Mr. Molloy's daughter Patricia and of the penniless, whimsical artist-boarder who is in love with her. The mother is, so to speak, thoroughly exemplified. She is a fool about the mortgage. She is divertingly futile about the impecunious boarder. She drops life out of her hands as she drops the bed linen out of her hands, and she grabs on to John Molloy as she grabs on to the nearest chair. Dr. Sylvester, too, is exemplified in his work on "instinctive therapeutics" and the rest. The case of the boy and the girl is largely, on the other hand, the tenuous case of their charm. The main situation involves them but does not extract their full character. They are not inevitably salient. Had Miss le Gallienne the vigor to suggest the girl's personality, or had Mr. Powers the skill to appear as a young artist with backbone in his work, a man to carry the girl with him, the sketch of their courtship would take on roundness. As it is, it is thin. The thinness of John Malloy, however, is a different kind. It derives chiefly from the imaginative poverty of Mr. Henry Dixey. Mr. Dixey's utter lack of authority is not due to the authors of the play. They gave him a real conception—a man rich in texture as well as in purse, who came out of the West to find a wife and a child, and was doomed to lift a curtain on an empty shrine. This man Mr. Dixey promenaded as a creature pleasant so far as his footfalls went, and mobile of countenance, but not an atom like the man intended. One did not want a miner with steel ribs in his chest and steel rivets to keep his heart from bursting open with tenderness. One did want something not so essentially perfunctory, so lazily and vacantly gracile. In Miss Florine Arnold as the wife, on the other hand, there is a real capacity for that broad but shrewd characterization which is necessary in such comedy. She had her tricks, as the authors had, but she joined with them in keeping a clear eye to life.

Comedy is the Roentgen ray of the spirit. It reveals without injury the realities which appearances fail to reveal. There is this digestive eye in "Mr. Lazarus." Its wit is one element in its attractiveness, a wit quite fresh in the theatre, but the real triumph of the authors is their credible and amusing version of a fairy tale put to the test.

F. H.

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Books and Things

AFTER a walk that began at sunrise, and had taken us up and down New Hampshire hills, we got out of the chill wood about noon, and had eaten our sandwiches on the high sun-warmed pasture where we were lying, smoking our pipes and contentedly digesting, and whence we could look down on the shining Connecticut or across at our mountain, the only thing of its kind in this region. For a good while nobody said a word. Conness broke the silence at last. He seemed eager to have another try at what he had not succeeded in saying very clearly the night before.

"What I mean about Hughes is this," he began. "We should all like to vote for him if we could. Perhaps we can. I admit that our disappointment is great. When he was nominated we expected too much. We expected courage, among other things, and a real mind. Has he said anything in any of his speeches that would have taxed the intellectual powers of Rutherford B. Hayes? No. Suppose all those quaint little favorite sons his competitors had been making speeches for six weeks before the Republican convention, and suppose they had said pretty much what Hughes has said since he took the stump. Shouldn't we all have thought their speeches not half bad for respectable party hacks who had learned nothing worth mentioning since 1892? I believe I should have felt that way. I should have told their supporters to wait until Hughes was nominated and took the Supreme Court muzzle off his ideas, to wait until he showed them the difference between commonplace minds and a good mind, between routine safety-zoners and a man who could think and wasn't afraid to let out his thoughts.

"Yet, in spite of everything, I believe I shall vote for Hughes. I am sure I should if the election were to be held the first of last July. Then you didn't have to choose between the possible explanations of his poor performance on the stump. None of these explanations is very flattering to Mr. Hughes. Take explanation number one. Mr. Hughes is not like the speeches he is making. His mind is not like the shut-in mind they expose. Silence got him the Republican nomination, and so he thinks the way to election is by the closest imitation of silence that can be manufactured out of words. The European war moved him. It set his mind going. He knows what he would have done had he been President when Germany invaded Belgium. He knows what he would have done when Germany had the impudence to notify us that our citizens had better keep out of the Channel and the North Sea if they didn't want to get hurt. He knows what he would have done when the German Embassy warned people who had taken passage on the Lusitania that they had better not sail if they cared to stay alive. He is confident that his action upon this occasion would have convinced the German government that it was dealing with an American President who meant what he said. If, in spite of this, the Lusitania had been sunk Mr. Hughes would have done at once what he had told Germany he would do.

"Mr. Hughes either knows how he would have acted in each of these emergencies or else he doesn't. Let us suppose that he does know. Then we have to suppose also that he is now deliberately safety-zoning, that he is trying to obtain votes on false pretenses, that he is willing to owe his election to the calculated suppression of his convictions. He believes that the Germany-first vote is largely for him and that it wouldn't be if he spoke out. This is an ugly consequence of our supposition, I grant you, but isn't it a necessary consequence? If Mr. Hughes has been stirred by the behavior of Germany toward the United States, if his mind is clear about the details of what we ought to have done in answer to that behavior, can we describe him in words more favorable than these—that he is a sincere man who is at present talking, for reasons which to him seem good because the stakes are so high, with studied insincerity? Oh, I have not forgotten that at St. Louis he came somewhere near saying something—near enough to make me indignant against the caution which kept him from saying it straight out. I haven't forgotten that after T. R.'s Maine speech Mr. Hughes screwed up his courage to the point of saying he agreed—a performance which affected me like a quiet voice saying it 'agreed' with a bomb that had just gone off.

"How else are we to explain Mr. Hughes's refusal to discuss with thoroughness the conduct of the American government toward Germany since the outbreak of the war? A rhetorical question. Of course, other explanations are possible. We may suppose, for example, that Mr. Hughes thinks President Wilson, up against a ticklish job, has upon the whole done it pretty well, considering. Now I am not ass enough, whatever you may believe, to expect Mr. Hughes to say this in public, but I do insist that if such is his conviction he is playing it pretty low down when he allows the voters to infer that he thinks President Wilson has consistently muffed a succession of easy flies.

"There is another possible explanation of Mr. Hughes. When Belgium was invaded he fell into a passion about the Durand case. When Germany invited us to choose between keeping off belligerent merchant vessels and getting drowned Mr. Hughes began to meditate violently upon the tariff. When the Lusitania was torpedoed the thought that leadership in Congress was getting terribly southern was almost more than he could bear. In other words, the Hughes who has been making speeches is the real Hughes. The war has left no deep impression upon him. It has not stirred his imagination.

"And yet, do you know, though I often feel that I asked the Republicans for an intellectual leader and guide, and that they have offered me instead a good, reliable old permanent head of a bureau, I believe I shall vote for Hughes after all. These explanations of him that I have just given strike me as all three wrong. He is neither insincere nor an unenlightened party hack. My reason doesn't tell me this after considering the evidence. I believe it by faith. Hughes is a mystery and his campaign is a paradox. When he is in office and has had time to do things, to deal with situations, we shall discover that his acts, although way ahead of his words, are somehow not inconsistent with them. My faith, if you want to know where I get it, comes partly from my recollection of the Hughes I once believed in and thought I knew. But my faith needs help. I can help it by reading over the things President Wilson has said since August, 1914—his assertion that it was the duty of Americans to be neutral in thought, that hysteria was the mother of belief, that our army and navy should be larger, that a nation may be too proud to fight, and so on. When I want to vote for Hughes I always read Wilson. That is what I'm going home to do now."

P. L.

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George Moore at His Best

The Brook Kerith, by George Moore. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

WHEN George Moore allowed the news to get abroad that he was writing "The Brook Kerith," he made many of his admirers uneasy. What a pity that such an artist should have chosen a subject not so much unsuited to his talent as exactly certain to express his weaknesses! Some of his admirers remembered with misgiving that dirty little boy who plays outside the door of George Moore's study, and whom he calls in now and then when the will to shock people is strong upon him, and by whose help he has added a good many sentences to that particular kind of handwriting on the wall in which such little boys excel.

Others, who rate George Moore the artist too high to have had a share in this fear, had fears of their own. Although "Esther Waters" is by no means his only self-forgetful book, they said, yet he cannot forget himself as often as he wants to, and he is incapable of wanting to often enough. Malice will be a crime in "The Brook Kerith," unless you get Anatole France to write it, and as a character-drawer George Moore grows less and less able to do his best without malice.

Others again, rating him higher still, and confident of his tact in leaving out what should be left out, even if it were himself, feared that the "fundamental brainwork" would be lacking, that the imaginative impulse would not be sufficiently fresh or strong.

Well, perhaps, there is a trace here and there of that little boy's peculiar interests, but they are spoken of with sobriety and directness. Perhaps the behavior of Joseph of Arimathea, when he first visits the Essenes in their cenoby, does remind one of George Moore's own behavior in Dublin, upon his arrival there to take part in the Irish renascence, but the resemblance is innocuous. There is no malice anywhere, not even in the drawing of the characters that are best drawn. And where one was most afraid that the book might fail one finds its greatest originality, in the imaginative energy and delicacy of its design. George Moore has disappointed all our fears.

He does not overcome them in us little by little as we read: we leave them behind immediately and forget that they ever were. As soon as we have pushed off into his book and are afloat upon its first pages we begin to feel nothing but its even motion, and after a little while we find ourselves carried gently along by a current of seriousness and beauty. What Mr. Moore gives us is not an essay in patient reconstruction of what must have happened nineteen hundred years ago, in Galilee and at Jerusalem, but a free imagination of what may have happened, an interpretation of the gospel story and a substitute for it. He does not insist upon our believing that Jesus did not die upon the cross, but was taken down from it while still alive, and lived for twenty years or more as a shepherd among the Essenes, repenting as a sin against God his declaration that he was the Messiah, yet occupied after all not so much with repentance as with the simple things, with remembered friendship, with the seasons under the sky, with the sheep whose breed his wise care betters. Here there is no insistence. All that Mr. Moore asks of us is to admit that if Jesus did not die upon the cross and rise again from the dead his after life as it is told here has the worth of human lovableness, of psychological truth, of inner probability.

The story and character of Jesus might have been imagined from the standpoint of a credulous mind, of one among the earliest disciples, but the choice of such a standpoint would have hindered Mr. Moore in his persuasiveness. He does not indeed neglect to show us the influence of Jesus upon humble folk like the Capernaum fishermen, just as he neglects neither the hostile incredulity of Conservative Jews in high place nor the indifference of the Roman world, but he shows us these things and makes us see Jesus himself through the eyes of that cultivated disciple who believed hardly at all in the miracles and not at all in the resurrection. The story of Joseph of Arimathea, as Mr. Moore tells it, is the story of an intelligent, restless, eager, capricious Jew, who sought in Jesus a prophet and found a friend, who was bound to him most of all by the human beauty of his spirit. The only disciple who knew that Jesus had not risen from the dead was the disciple whose passionate devotion was most like understanding, and who had been separated from him for a while by the harshness of his moods when belief that he was the Messiah had laid its hands upon him.

The telling of this story is as unemphatic as the changes in quietest clouds. "The Brook Kerith" is the result of long dreams. It must have come into being slowly, after years of brooding, as the ripening fruit of a long pre-occupation. While George Moore was steeping himself in the earliest records and the labors of scholars his curiosity and sympathy created and recreated the life of Jesus in many forms, and out of this abundant material his imagination made its fine choices, while at last when he was ready to write he must have found that the story had taken its own shape, almost of itself, and that nothing was left for the deliberate inventive will except to search for details. In the making of few books do the intrusions of the conscious will seem to have been so long postponed.

There are such intrusions, of course, as there are in every long imaginative work. There are dead places in "The Brook Kerith," details that make us wonder why they were selected, tediousness, passages where Mr. Moore's imagination ran dry. Did it amuse George Moore to make Joseph's tutor so very like a cultivated Irish priest, and some of the Essenes like Irish priests of another sort, or was it without conscious imitation of the old painters that he put so many of his fellow-countrymen into his picture? There are difficulties which the artist has not overcome—the difficulty, for example, of getting Paul to tell the Essenes what they do not know without at the same time telling the reader what he knows too well to hear it again with patience. But how much else there is in the book. A varied human life, the tremulous charm of Dan's relation to his son Joseph, landscapes of which no one but George Moore has the secret, the loneliness of the Essenes living above the ravine of Kerith, the different loneliness of the hills, all a setting worthy of the central figure, who is saved from over-sweetness by his nearness to the earth.

If you have wondered sometimes what people mean when they say of a book that it is organically composed, and not put together according to a plan thought out, the gradually unfolding design of "The Brook Kerith" may enlighten you. Here the most incurious reader cannot help feeling the effect of a great art of composition, however little he may consider its processes, its omission, the secrets of a narrative flow that seems most, when most guided, to take its own way. The book makes its design known slowly, as you read, and slowly gives out its hidden meanings, adding one meaning more at the close, when Jesus,

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who learns after many years what legends have grown up about him, and what a faith is being built on such a foundation, cannot bring himself to convince Paul of the truth, because in his gentleness he cannot give so much pain.

Q. K.

Americanism

Straight America, by Frances A. Kellor. New York: The Macmillan Company. 50 cents.

MISS KELLOR'S book was published in June, and already it begins to sound a little old-fashioned. The presidential campaign has developed away from rather than towards the heroic mood. That "sincere, genuine program of preparedness," which she looked for from the Republicans, seems to have unaccountably turned into a solemn and unregenerate insistence on the sacredness of protectionism and the perils of false prosperity. The voter is not wending his way through "the intricate paths of American honor, international duty, adequate preparedness, national service, universal training, Mexican strategy," but through old questions of social legislation and the tariff. Straight America tends towards its old confused wistful self again.

It is a pity that Miss Kellor should imply that the fine practical program of Americanization which she outlines—the spreading of English classes for foreigners, the improvement of naturalization laws, the establishment of real federal citizenship, the raising of the standard of living—is necessarily dependent upon the stiff and chauvinistic proposals of preparedness fanatics. The work of Americanization has been begun in many communities by an America that is still far from accepting a conception of national unity which smells of the hectic nationalism of Europe. Miss Kellor makes a noble and eloquent plea for an Americanism which is much broader than the "nativism" of the Anglo-Saxon, but she yokes it to a program which is almost necessarily nativistic in its implications. It is notorious that the conception of national unity which includes military preparedness, industrial mobilization, universal military service, belligerent defense of American rights, is one held largely by the stanchly nativistic element. The men and women of goodwill who are working for practical Americanization in social reorganization and a genuine economic and educational assimilation of the immigrant are mostly in the other camp. They are not content with an "industrial mobilization" which is a mere war measure. They believe that any form of national service should be far more fundamentally educational than anything the so-called "civic training camps" can provide. They believe that America and its ideal of the future are still in the making, and that a premature cohesion on a basis of belligerent self-protection would defeat that slow learning to live together which a wise and modern Americanism involves. It is true, as Miss Kellor says, that the immigrant elements need a new loyalty to weld them together. But that loyalty should have a foundation of locally intelligent participation in the communal enterprises that dictate the fortune of the immigrants' common life. It must first be a sense of the functioning community and only secondly a nebulous patriotism.

Miss Kellor makes her point that it is the native American who finally controls, both in politics and business. It is the native American who is responsible for the immigrant's obtaining his economic opportunity and working out an American standard of living. For standards of living to-day are communal standards created in the last analysis by government and the semi-governmental rule of great corporations. The community that neglects its immigrants or the corporation that leaves its workmen to take care of themselves cannot blame the alien colony for remaining a sodden and disruptive force. It is the ruling class which needs democratizing. Miss Kellor's program of Americanization can be realized only through a far more socialized conception of "national unity." Her Straight America confuses two ideals. Her "national unity" conflicts with her coöperative Americanism.

R. S. B.

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Sex Education

Sex Education, by Maurice A. Bigelow. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Sex Problems of Man, by Dr. Moses Scholtz. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Co.

PROFESSOR BIGELOW'S collected lectures on sex education addressed to Teachers' College audiences breathe a liberal spirit. One cannot read them without realizing that substantial progress has been made in this difficult and much impugned field. It is not so long ago that even the simplest sex hygiene was bitterly opposed as the pernicious activity of certain morbid sex cranks. But even after this first blind prejudice had been beaten down there remained the difficulty of presentation. It almost seemed as if there were no simple and satisfactory way of presenting the elementary facts of birth and sexual func-

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tioning in such a way that the child could easily absorb them into the general body of its gradually broadening knowledge. For a long time we saw nothing but those halting botanical analogies written by prudish authors in which pistil and stamen were referred to with a blush.

The rapid improvement here in the last five years is undoubtedly due to a great extent to the important position which biology has won for itself in our school and college curricula. On this broad basis a comprehensive program of human sex education could be built up, for where pupils of both sexes have made a serious study of biology, zoölogy, and comparative anatomy, a teacher can hardly persist in withholding human sex facts without making himself ridiculous to his classes. The study of these allied fields from the evolutionary point of view has also solved the old difficulty of selecting a particular age or school year when a child was supposedly to be shocked to death by telling it how it was conceived and born. Sex education must be graduated and progressive; it must be adjusted to the intellectual and emotional receptivity of the child from year to year. This commits the sex educator to a carefully mapped-out course which begins at the age of ten or twelve by acquainting the child with the nature and meaning of its puberty and ends somewhere in college at about the age of twenty with a study of eugenics and the problem of desirable marriage choice.

Such an ambitious program transcends the narrower scope of preaching a personal sex hygiene or warning against the dangers of venereal infection through promiscuity. For it includes the question of correct mental and ethical attitude towards all matters of sex as well as the discussion of how best to meet the complicated temptations that beset our sexual development. Professor Bigelow thinks of sex education as including "all scientific, ethical, social, and religious instruction and influence which directly and indirectly may help young people prepare to solve for themselves the problems of sex that inevitably come in some form into the life of every normal individual." His book is written with a full realization that sex education, like all other education, can only be a guide to an individual who must ultimately make his own choices.

Dr. Scholtz's book makes a good companion piece to those chapters in which Professor Bigelow in a more general way treats of how information about the sexual organs and the diseases that may affect them is best imparted to young boys. It contains a simple and straightforward description of the sexual organs and their functioning, and then proceeds to describe the various venereal infections as well as the non-venereal acquired and inborn diseases of the sexual organs. Syphilis and gonorrhea are treated in a matter-of-fact way, like any other disease, which can be cured by quick and proper attention and faithful coöperation with a competent physician. The book further contains some sound homilies on continence and the double standard and a sincere plea for self-control. Here, as well as in the discussion of masturbation Dr. Scholtz's evidently slight acquaintance with neurology somewhat handicaps him. Though he seeks to free the masturbator from much of the torture which superstition and quackery so cruelly add to his mental conflict, Dr. Scholtz still leaves him under the impression that masturbation may lead him into epilepsy or idiocy. Idiots and epileptics masturbate, therefore masturbation may cause epilepsy or idiocy. This is, of course, an entirely erroneous deduction. It still remains to be proved that even chronic masturbation without any other congenital or constitutional defect has ever led to any such grave disorder. A. K.

In the Tropics

The Purple Land: Being the Narrative of one Richard Lamb's Adventures in the Banda Oriental in South America, as told by Himself. By W. H. Hudson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

GALSWORTHY, who is stirred to eloquence by the fine and tenuous, fittingly wrote an introduction for "Green Mansions," but only Chesterton has a scent still the keenest for the picaresque, whose heart dilates at the hero of endless inns, quick conflicts and villain-dotted, colored high-roads. It would have been a great stroke on the part of the publishers to have called in Chesterton's aid in making people enthusiastic about "The Purple Land." One fears his fat hand on "Green Mansions." The book is too fragile; his Falstaffian pen would have torn and crushed those spidery-like webs and meshes of descriptive beauty. He might have written about it as he did about "Pelleas." But "The Purple Land" is a book after his own heart—Fielding *redivivus*. I can imagine him reading it with a shout of joy after a self-inflicted discipline of Wells or Lawrence. After reading two or three pure ideational stories most of us experience a feeling of intolerable stuffiness. We tire of their quivering restraint, their elaborate blasting and mining and digging away of the rocks and silt of convention only to disclose at the end an underground stream of anaemic, ordinary passion. We long—as Chesterton seems always to long—for spaciousness of setting, for good-humor, for generous, impulsive passions, good or bad, quickly aroused and quickly appeased, for a naturalism about sex yet a freedom from the city incubus of it. We want to read about a land where it is easy to pick up a fresh friend and a fresh horse.

That land is the Banda Oriental of the 'eighties of the last century, and in "The Purple Land" W. H. Hudson describes it memorably. In the book is all the rare perception of natural life and beauty, so exquisitely recorded in "Green Mansions." Even the tiniest of swarming animal life flickers brightly across his pages—mice, cavies, elusive little lizards, mason-wasps and scolding, jerky, gesticulating wrens. Yet its narrative skill and simplicity are astonishing, accompanied always with surprising out-of-door similes: "She smiled at my words; it was like a ray of sunlight falling through the foliage on her face." There are stories within stories, mildly embracing the Sterne tradition. There is humor, too, which "Green Mansions" lacked. I remember the teller of interminable stories, Uncle Anselmo, who claimed that "gin is the flower of all strong drinks"; the expatriated Scotchman, Carrickfergus, proud of his dirt, which he made synonymous with liberty, the tales of the Purple Land, all solemn lies but to the natives shining as the light of truth when compared with the hero's descriptions of the homeliest London sights.

Crass realistic love encounters—seemingly inevitable in a wild country—Hudson treats with the most consummate tact. The hero is inclosed, so to speak, in the framework of marriage which makes any impulse towards Casanova episodes unplausible; yet he is of impressionable clay and the fair child Margarita and the passionate Dolores nearly succeed in driving away his wife's image. The mind responsive to these varied personalities and bright landscapes Hudson depicts as alert and non-academic. Its quest is happiness, and by implication the author suggests how eternally simple yet how eternally difficult are the elements of happiness. I believe there is just a twinge of malice and irony in some of the illustrations; in the back-

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ground of Hudson's mind must have been a mid-Victorian English village or sour Scotch piety—in the words of Carrickfergus, "Always scrubbing, scouring, scouring—you might have eaten dinner off the floor; always singing psalms —praying—scolding." So the scene for a pretty, idyllic flirtation is set amidst the *Connorhinus infestans,* the venomous vinchucas, worst of all insects, who drive our hero to sleep under the stars. Yet somehow Hudson contrives to make us feel so wide a world to sleep on and so many stars to sleep under is still the basic fact. For the materials of that peace to which all philosophies are supposed to lead us lie all about us in the rich earth. H. S.

Roses of Asia

Through Russian Central Asia, by Stephen Graham. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.25.

OUT of the pain and the wrack of the war have been born so many plans for future pacifist internationalism that it is a bit curious to encounter an author with whom there is such quiet acceptance of war as an inevitable human phenomenon, such unprotesting recognition of the invincible diversity of the earth's great families. Indeed, "unprotesting" is a weak word, because Stephen Graham has traveled and written to define and make clear that diversity, and one suspects that for him it constitutes the chief charm of life. In the appendix to his latest book he speaks naturally of the "destiny" of the Russian and British Empires. It is as if the interminable barren phrases of the diplomatists were a kind of palimpsest beneath which were concealed the souls of the nations, incommunicable and resolute. Existence would lose its sting if that clash of outlook were lost in a friendly commercial world, a clash which of necessity issues every few generations in war. Mr. Graham does not say exactly this, yet it is not an unfair summary of his attitude.

He does say, however, that he sees no reason why the inevitable conflict between Russia and England—favorite antebellum fancy of the Germans—should not be indefinitely postponed, and when he is not drawing lessons from Russia's central Asian colonial schemes for the British Empire he is finding common sympathies between the two peoples. He advises his countrymen to decrease the import of foodstuffs from Russia after the war and learn to become self-dependent on the colonies. Russia herself is self-supporting and will not misunderstand, he assures us. London, too, might do well to copy some of the methods for colonial expansion taken by the clumsy autocracy at Petrograd—the peasants can travel thousands of miles for less than a sovereign; they are advised where to settle and when; they are given bounties and fertile land to cultivate. Mr. Graham can destroy illusions (at least American ones) as well as create them. Russia, the merciful mother, who is so eager to have even the humblest of her sons acquire a stake in the Empire—that is not our conventional conception. In this country of the free, migratory workers, traveling from harvest field to lumber camp, have to fight for a place in a box-car. In barbarous and uncivilized Russia they are transported free of charge.

With his arrière pensée for the picturesque and glamorous, Mr. Graham must have odd misgivings in such ancient cities as Tashkent and Samarkind. He writes of the old and the new there, cities springing up side by side, but the new is the Russian, the enterprising pioneers from Moscow and the great stretches of land to the Urals—and Mr. Graham loves the Russians. He feels their colonization more as a moving dramatic pilgrimage, steady and calm and flecked with color. He does not want to see Russian central Asia Americanized. He does not mind its being somewhat Russianized. For the peoples there are decaying, and someone must take up the task of rehabilitating the land; that task he believes is Russia's own. But there is just a twinge of melancholy when he describes so charmingly the ancient tribes and their modern descendants: the mixed Mongolians, the Sarts, the Persians and the Kirghiz. "They [the Mohammedans] are fond of weapons as of toys, fingering blades and laughing, guffawing at the sight of cannon. They love steamboats and battleships as children love toy steamboats, and they sail them on the waters of the Levant as children would their toys. Their hospitality is mirthful, as are also their murders and massacres.—Hence, from Delhi to Cairo and from Kashgar to Constantinople, a playful and sometimes mischievous and difficult world."

Mr. Graham is not content with the type of descriptive writing that so valiantly attempts to evoke local color by the merciless exercise of exhausted adjectives. He does not prettify; the cinema at Bokhara captures his attention as surely as the covered ways and the bazaars with their lustrous silks and carpets. He makes the roses of the desert bloom again. Nor are episodes on the road just gracefully reported; they are refracted through an alert intelligence. And the sum of his method of approach is a picture of great beauty and vigor and authenticity.

H. S.

Our Neighbors Visited

Tramping Through Mexico, Guatemala and Honduras. Being the Random Notes of an Incurable Vagabond. By Harry A. Franck. New York: The Century Co. $1.50.

MR. FRANCK'S first book, "A Vagabond Journey Around the World," deserved its popularity. It was gay and human. People before had had the idea of walking around the world; possibly somebody had even done so. But Mr. Franck stole a march on everybody by describing vividly what the feat was really like. He wrote frankly from the point of view of the average American, with much stressing of episodic detail, long menu lists, comparisons with home cities, naïve encounters with the picturesque. It was an indigenous product, unpretentious and flavored with homely virtues. The public roared its applause, and when, shortly after, Mr. Franck published his story of Panama, "Zone Policeman 88," roared again. It is an older, more sophisticated and better read Mr. Franck who writes "Tramping Through Mexico, Guatemala and Honduras." Yet anybody who has ever watched a train pull out of a station with regret will read it through, for it keeps the early human virtues. There is still a bit too much self-conscious vagabondage about it; Mr. Franck sleeps in dirty hovels too conscientiously. Also his descriptions, if graphic, are often hardly arresting—and there are too many golden sunsets. But the lane of human life that runs through these lands unwinds like a long carpet on the lovely fields and bare, stony uplands. It is not an exceptionally clean carpet. Nearly everybody was ragged, dirty and ill fed. Mr. Franck seems to have met hardly one educated or interesting native on his journey. The level of their minds was about as low as it is possible for the human intelligence to sink, and the author

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is not slow to draw the contrast between the richness and beauty of the land and the stunted meagreness of the men who inhabit it. However, it is not the racial stock that is degenerating, Mr. Franck makes one feel; it is simply a case of malnutrition or ignorance or both. Even the priests prove no exception. In fact, Mr. Franck is too disillusionizing when he writes of the Church in Mexico. The bells clang with a distressing tinny sound; where the priests rule there is only tyranny and black superstition, when not worse. The representations of the Christ are always bloody and vulgar, sometimes indecent. No malice, only the desire to be frank, led the author to write in this fashion. Yet one cannot believe the Church in Mexico entirely without its gracious side. Mr. Franck should take lessons from Stephen Graham, who would somehow have detached the essence of beauty in the Church, and set it in relief against its crudities and ugly realism. But Mr. Franck has taken some lessons already. His background is richer, he has lost any itch to Baedeckerize history, he handles the human episodes more surely, he can orient the reader without a lot of informing boredom. If his progress continues as steadily, we may some day boast of him to other countries.

A New Friend in Old Dress

Magdalen, by J. S. Machar, translated from the Bohemian by Leo Wiener. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.25.

ALTHOUGH this book was written in 1894 in Bohemian—and is now published as the first of a series of Slavic translations—the bare facts of its theme might easily lead the unwary to think it a novel with a modern moral by a daring young Englishman. The hero is a sentimental, vain and selfish young rich man. The heroine is a prostitute, driven into her profession by economic pressure. In a light-headed moment the hero resolves to restore the heroine to respectable society. He is not ready to go through with it; she is. The tragedy comes, of course, when respectable society, with its gossip and jealousies, refuses to be penetrated. The heroine runs away intending to commit suicide, but in the end chooses the easier way. Everything modern is here—even the psychology of the unconscious. But the really interesting thing about the book is its essential difference from the products of the young Englishmen. It is nowhere solemn, everywhere satirical, and often witty. The tragedy, the author sees, is made almost comic by the worthlessness of the sanction which the heroine fails to achieve. The pictures of provincial society and politics are the best sort of farce—farce which ridicules false pretensions. The story was written originally in verse, and in spite of the fact that it has been translated into prose, the language remains deft, concentrated and full of color. Although he includes many realistic details, the author has made no use of the flatness or clumsiness which often contribute to the effects of modern realism. The spirit beneath is neither mystic nor intense; it is filled with grace and melancholy and laughter. Sympathy does not betray the author to bitterness. The result seems less important but more poignant than would a more familiar treatment of the same theme. Is the reason racial? Is it the outcome of reaction against a less puritanical and dour convention? Or is it merely the personal revolt of an artist made before revolt became an institution?

Two subjects of the Czar
Once thought they'd like to cspar,
So they commandeered a barn and pitched a ring;
But before they had got cfar
They were covered o'er with ctar—
For the ring was pitched . . . . . .

. . . The chorus will now sing:
"BUT THERE IS NO PITCH IN CYPRESS,
'WOOD ETERNAL'—
THAT'S WHY IT'S FINE FOR PAINTING AND
FOR STAIN.
BUT WHY SHOULD PEOPLE PAINT IT
(IT'S A LUCKY FACTOR, AIN'T IT?)
WHEN IT LASTS THROUGH 90 YEARS OF*
SUN AND RAIN
WITHOUT ANY PAINT?"

(*This should be 91, but the meter forbids.)

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